

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

SEPTEMBER 26, 1924

No. 991

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

EVERY INCH A BOY;
OR, DOING HIS LEVEL BEST. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



Perched, like a flock of crows, on the nearby fence, the boys enjoyed themselves in various ways at Dick's expense. At last one boy threw a clod of earth which knocked off his hat. His tormentors uttered a shout of glee

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wold, Publisher, Inc., 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 991

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1924

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EVERY INCH A BOY

OR, DOING HIS LEVEL BEST

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Our Hero and Others.

Dick Dallas was an orphan, who had wandered into the State of Maine from no place in particular, as far as any one knew, or could find out. Farmer Richardson had hired him when he applied for a temporary job one day three years before, and had kept him on steady ever since. The old farmer had taken a great fancy to the bright and enterprising boy, and insisted that Dick should consider the Richardson farm his home as long as he chose to stay. He treated Dick so well, letting him many other privileges not usually accorded by farmers even to their own sons, that Dick made no effort to sever such pleasant connections. He fully appreciated Farmer Richardson's kindness and endeavored to return it by working like a Trojan on the farm, so that the farmer lost nothing by his fair and square treatment of the boy to whom he paid a certain regular stipend.

Lately, however, Dick had drawn a portion of his wages, and, through Farmer Richardson, had purchased a certain half acre of unproductive land with a miserable shanty on it. Here he spent a portion of his time digging holes in the ground. Whatever purpose he had in doing that no one could find out from him.

The old shanty, in whose walls Dick had one day accidentally found an old mildewed piece of paper which vaguely indicated the presence of a buried box of money somewhere within a hundred feet to the south of the building, faced directly on the road with a fence running away from it in either direction. There was no one in sight, and the afternoon sunshine lay like a golden halo over the rural landscape. Dick pushed the crazy door open one day and entered the shanty. Going to a certain corner he lifted a board and drew out the shovel he had been using to turn up the ground outside. Replacing the board, he walked out by the rear entrance, and was presently digging a fresh hole in the sod. He had dug down about three feet in this spot when his shovel met with an obstruction.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I believe I've struck something at last."

He threw out a few more spadefuls of earth, and sounded the obstruction again.

It gave out a dull sound in one place and a muffled ringing noise in another.

"I'll bet that's the box I'm after," he cried, digging out more soil.

In a few minutes he had cleared the earth away sufficiently to be able to make out that there was a sort of brass-bound box down in the hole.

"By George! That's the treasure for a fact. Now to get it out. I wonder if it's heavy?"

He had to enlarge the hole now before he could get at the box so as to lift it, and he lost no time in getting about it. The dirt flew as it had never flown before in that field, and Dick was hot and perspiring after twenty minutes of this kind of exercise. However, he had made the hole twice as big as it was before, and had cleared away all the dirt from the top of the box. Dick, looking down, could see that it was an old-fashioned chest, not very large, but evidently very strong and compact.

"That's just what a man would stow his wealth away in. I wonder who he was? A pirate who wandered up in this neighborhood, or some chap who buried his money here years and years ago because he thought it would be safer in the ground than in one of those State banks that afterwards went to smash and made beggars. I've heard, of thousand people who were well off up to that time?"

Dick didn't waste any time trying to figure out who the owner of the box was, or his motive in placing it three feet deep in the field. He recommenced the now delightful labor of bringing it to the surface where he would be able to carry it away to the Richardson farm and open it at his leisure. It was not an easy job, for the box was pretty heavy, and he had to do a lot more digging before he could loosen its hold in the ground.

"I wish my pal Joe King was here," he breathed. "He'd give me a hand with this thing."

He walked to the fence and looked in the direction of the shore, but there was no sign of his friend anywhere along the road. He returned to the hole and dug a while longer till he could get a good grasp on the handle at one end of the box, then he tugged away at it till he raised it on its other end. By making a kind of toboggan slide he at length succeeded in landing the box on the

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surface, where it lay between two mounds of earth, concealed from the road.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, wiping the sweat from his forehead, "but it's heavy. It must be filled with gold. If it is, there ought to be a good many thousand dollars packed away inside. I'd never be able to carry this any distance alone, and I doubt very much if Joe and I could be able to get it over to the farm without a wheeled conveyance of some kind. By Jove! I have it. Joe can fetch up his fish-cart. That will be just the thing. I wish he'd show up. Won't he be surprised when he sees this box?"

As Dick stood, shovel in hand, fanning himself with his old hat, a crowd of the village boys suddenly hove in sight, coming down the road.

Dick counted eight of them, and their presence at that particular moment greatly annoyed him.

"The whole country will know now that I've found a treasure trove," he muttered, in a tone of disgust.

CHAPTER II.—In Which the Brass-Bound Box Disappears.

The boys soon caught sight of Dick in the field, and with a great shout the whole crowd started for the shanty on a run, like a lot of howling dervishes. Dick watched their approach with a feeling of resentment.

"Hello, Dick!" shouted one boy. "How are they coming?"

A roar of derisive laughter went up at this remark.

"How many holes have you dug to-day?" another wanted to know.

"Going to plant potatoes?" inquired a third.

"Or cabbages?" asked a fourth.

"Or telegraph poles?" suggested a fifth.

"Found any money yet?" asked another, whereat the whole mob yelled once more. Dick stood and watched them coolly, without saying a word.

"Say, what'll you give us to help you out?" said the son of a neighboring farmer.

"That's right. Speak quick, for we're bound for the beach, and time is money with us," spoke up the son of the village carpenter. Although every eye was focused on Dick, not one of the boys appeared to have noticed the box. It might have been that they took it for a mound of dirt, for it was thickly covered with the clayey soil. Perched like a flock of crows on the nearby fence, the boys enjoyed themselves in various way at Dick's expense. At last one boy threw a clod of earth which knocked off his hat. His tormentors uttered a shout of glee. Dick took their sarcasm with great good nature, and was content to endure it as long as they kept their distance. Once started in the bombarding line, every boy took a turn or two at pelting Dick with soft clods of earth, shrieking with delight when the missiles landed on some part of his body. Dick dodged the shower as best he could, but made no effort to return the fire. Suddenly the boys deserted the fence with one accord, after giving Dick a farewell shout, and started down the road toward the beach as hard as they could run.

"Gee! I'm glad they're gone. I don't see how

they failed to see that box. I'm mighty pleased they didn't, for I don't want the world to know that I've found a box of money."

Dick went to the fence and looked for Joe once more, but he wasn't in sight.

"Maybe he isn't coming. His father may have got back and won't let him off. I'll have to hide this box in the shanty somewhere until I can remove it to the farm."

Dick found it no light tax to drag the box even such a short distance as the building, and when he got it there at last he was greatly puzzled where to secrete it. There was a loft in the place, but it was utterly out of his power to drag it up there. Finally he decided to dig a shallow hole outside the shanty, drop the box into it and cover it up. Looking up and down the road, and around the field, and seeing no one in sight, Dick put that plan into execution.

"It will be as safe there as anywhere," he said to himself, after smothering the soil down. "Now I'll go back to Joe's home and see if he can bring his fish-cart and help me carry the box to the farm."

Putting his shovel away, he started for the seashore. Hardly had he set off before a heavily bearded, seafaring man, who had been furtively watching his actions from the window of the loft ever since he began to dig, more than an hour before, descended the ladder to the ground floor of the shanty, and, after making sure that the box was well on its way down the road, went outside and looked at the spot where Dick had buried the box.

"So this is where he concealed the box," muttered the stranger. "He took it out of another hole yonder. I don't quite understand this business. However, that doesn't matter. The box looks as if it contained something of value. It was too heavy almost for that boy to handle. I wonder what's in it? Maybe silverware, or something of that sort. Perhaps it's the proceeds of a robbery. I wonder why he dug it up from one spot and then buried it in another? Looks suspiciously suggestive. Well, I shan't worry myself about that. I shall avail myself of this discovery to appropriate the box myself. Everything is fish that comes to my net. It was a lucky thing that I climbed into the loft of this old shack for a short snooze this afternoon, otherwise I should have missed this prize. Now, I wonder what he did with his shovel?"

The stranger went back into the shanty and looked around, but saw no shovel.

"He didn't take it away with him, that's certain, so he must have hidden it somewhere."

Making a close search of the premises, the bearded man finally discovered the loose board under which Dick had left the shovel.

"Ah, I've got it," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, as he pulled out the spade from its hiding-place. "Now to unearth the box and conceal it in a new spot where it will be safe until I can remove it to the island."

It didn't take the strange man long to dig up the brass-bound box.

"It is heavy," he muttered. "I'm afraid it will leave a track along the ground wherever I may drag it."

This was a difficulty he had not foreseen until that moment. He tried to lift it so he could carry it by stages in his arms, but the task was beyond him. There was no other way of removing it except by dragging it. The man scratched his head and considered the problem. Finally he went across the road, cut down two good-sized tree-limbs, and carried them back with him to where the box lay. Laying the limbs parallel to each other, he placed the box upon them, and then seizing the end of one in each hand he started to drag the box off in that fashion. He was a big, strong man, and this plan succeeded very well with him. He carried the box for some distance down the field, then went back for the shovel and dug a shallow hole for the chest. He covered it up carefully, and then marked the spot so he would know it again. Satisfied with his work, he returned to the shanty, filled up the other hole, and, removing as well as he could every trace of the departure of the box, he put the shovel back where he got it from and started off across the fields in the direction of the seashore. He had been gone scarcely over five minutes when Dick and Joe came up the road, wheeling the fish cart before them.

"So you really think the box is full of gold?" said Joe, in an intensely interested tone.

"It must be, for it's terribly heavy for its size. The paper states that the box contains money, and I hardly think it is silver coin."

"You're a rich boy, then, at that rate. You can give up farming for good and start into some business for yourself."

"I suppose a fellow can do lots of things when he has money at his back."

"Bet your life he can. I wish I found some money."

"What would you do with it?"

"I'll tell you what I'd do with some of it. I'd buy my girl Polly all the ice-cream and sweets she could eat, then she wouldn't have nothin' more to do with Bige Parker, and that would tickle me to death."

Dick laughed.

"It takes the girls to get the money out of the boys."

"I guess money was made to be spent on your best girl," grinned Joe. "Well, here we are at that old shanty of yours. We'll leave the cart here and drag the box out of it. How much do I get for helping you to carry your money-box over to the farm?"

"If it's full of gold I guess you'll get one hundred dollars, all right."

Dick had got the shovel out by this time, and he and Joe went to the spot where he had buried the box. The boy began to dig with great vigor, for he was in a hurry to show the brass-bound box to his companion. He dug down a foot, and then began to look perplexed when his spade failed to come into contact with the box.

"This is funny," he said, when he had dug nearly another foot.

"What's funny?" asked Joe, who was eagerly following his movements.

"It doesn't seem to me that the box was more than a foot deep."

"Maybe you're diggin' in the wrong place," suggested his companion.

"No," replied Dick, positively. "This is where I buried it."

"You've gone down more than two feet now."

"I know I have, and that's what is bothering me," he said, stopping and looking intently at the spot. "It couldn't be that any one came here while I was away after you, dug up the box and carried it off."

The very suspicion of such a catastrophe gave Dick the shivers. But when he had dug down three feet without meeting the box, which he was positive he had concealed under only one foot of soil, he leaned against the side of the shanty like one who was met with a sudden and terrible misfortune.

"Joe," he gasped hoarsely, "somebody has been here and got away with that box. Somebody must have been watching me when I buried it. What shall I do?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Joe, aghast at the words.

The two boys stood and stared at each other in utter dismay.

CHAPTER III.—Introduces Jessie Brown.

Finally Joe snatched the shovel away from Dick and dug for a yard around the spot, but had to give the matter up for a bad job.

"I guess some one was watching you when you buried it, and then got away with it while you were down after me," said Joe, sympathizing with his companion in his loss.

"Who could it be?" asked Dick.

"Gee! I'll never tell you."

They talked the matter over for some little time, but, as neither of them could throw any light upon the mystery of the box's disappearance, they had to give the problem up.

"Well, let's take your cart home, Joe," said Dick, in a dejected voice. "The box is gone, and that's all there is to it. It's hard luck, and no mistake. Somebody has got the benefit of all my trouble in finding it, and I shall probably never hear any more about it."

"It's a shame, so it is," replied Joe, who felt sorry for his companion, and disappointed, too, over the loss of the hundred dollars he had fondly counted on receiving himself.

It was dark when Dick returned to the farm, in a very disconsolate frame of mind.

Farmer Richardson noticed that something was wrong with him and asked what was the trouble. Dick gave him an evasive answer, and went about the evening chores as if he had lost the only friend he had in the world. He had locked the barn, and was about to cross the yard toward the house, when he saw a dark shadow appear slowly over the fence and then sink down beside it.

"What's that?" he asked himself, peering over at the motionless object.

He watched it a moment, and, seeing that it did not stir, he went over to find out what it was. As he approached the spot he was astonished to discover, by the dim light afforded by the starlit sky, that the object was a female.

"My gracious!" he ejaculated under his breath. "Who is this, and what is she doing here?"

The girl or woman—he was not sure which—did not appear to notice his presence, but cowered down against the fence, as if hiding, with her face buried in her hands. As he laid his hand on her shoulder she sprang up with a suppressed scream and shrank from him in terror. He could see her face now, and it was the face of the loveliest girl he had ever had the fortune to meet in his life. But it was white as death, and a hunted, appealing look dwelt in her beautiful eyes that went straight to Dick's heart.

"What is the matter?" he asked, in a sympathetic tone.

It was evident that she had mistaken him at first for some enemy, for now, recognizing in him a friend, she threw herself at his feet and, with outstretched arms, cried in appealing accents that thrilled him through and through:

"Save me, oh, save me!"

"Save you?" he answered in surprise. "Sure I will; but from what?"

"From him!"

"From him? Who do you mean?"

"Captain Harrup."

Dick knew every man, woman and child for miles around, but he had never heard of Captain Harrup.

"Cap'n Harrup!" he repeated, in a puzzled tone. "I don't remember——"

"He is the captain of the Firebrand, a Canadian bootlegger," she explained, in tremulous tones, with a fearsome look over her shoulder in the direction whence she had come, as if she expected to see her enemy appear at any moment.

"A Canadian liquor smuggler, eh?" answered Dick.

The boy had heard that dutiable liquors, which were expressly excluded from the U. S. by the prohibition laws, was suspected of being landed along the coast in that neighborhood. He knew that the government secret service men, and the county officials as well, were on the lookout for a certain craft which was believed to be engaged in the illegal traffic, and for sundry residents of the State who were supposed to be aiding and abetting the smugglers. A considerable reward had been offered by both the State and county for information which would lead to the arrest and conviction of the offenders, but thus far nothing had come of it.

"Yes, yes!" cried the fair unknown, in reply to the boy's ejaculation,

Dick scratched his head and looked at the girl dubiously.

"What is your name?" he asked her.

"Jessie Brown," she replied, in a voice that showed increased agitation.

"You are running away from this Cap'n Harrup, are you?"

"Yes, oh, yes! He has kept me a prisoner on his vessel and on an island near here for months."

"An island near here? Do you mean the Spindles?" asked Dick, eagerly.

"I don't know the name of it," wailed the girl.

"It must be that one. How far off shore is it?"

"I don't know—several miles."

"It is surrounded by reefs and rocks, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And there is a basin or small harbor in the center of it?"

"Yes, yes."

"With two tall white rocks at the entrance where the channel runs in?"

"Yes, I remember now."

"Those are the Spindles, and give the island its name. I know the place. I've fished for mackerel off there many times. It's a holy terror of a spot to land on, I've heard. At any rate, I never tried, because I couldn't find the true channel, and also because I didn't have any reason to do so. So this Cap'n Harrup you're talking about kept you a prisoner there?"

"Yes, oh yes."

"Why?"

"Because he wants to marry me."

"Marry you! Why, you're only a girl! You don't look more than sixteen," said Dick, in surprise.

"That is my age."

"And he really wants to marry you?"

"He does; but I dislike and fear him," exclaimed the girl vehemently. "He is a bad and violent man, and I would sooner die than become his wife."

"Well, you've got away from him now, so you're safe."

"No, no. He is after me. He will drag me back and make me a prisoner again."

"I guess not, if you don't want to go back. What right has he to compel you to obey him?"

"He says he is my guardian."

"Is he really so?"

"I don't know. He took me away from my happy home in Canada, where I had been brought up from my infancy, and led me to believe that through him I should be reunited to my father and mother, whose love I had never known."

"Never knew your father and mother?" ejaculated Dick, in surprise.

"No," she replied, weeping bitterly. "I was left, an infant, to the care of strangers when my parents went to England to recover some property, and never since have I heard from them. I was told that the steamer in which they embarked from Boston foundered at sea and all on board were lost. I grieved for them as dead until this man came and said that the story was false—that they were alive and well in Boston. He said they had searched for me for years in vain. He knew where they could be found and agreed to take me to them. I believed his story and accompanied him aboard his sloop, the Firebrand. Then when he had me in his power he refused to carry out his promise unless I would first become his wife. He had his reasons for wishing me to marry him—reasons he would not disclose to me. I would not agree, for I disliked and distrusted him, and so he kept me a prisoner. This afternoon, while he and his men were ashore here, I managed to make my escape from the cavern on the island, took a boat that lay by the shore, and rowed toward the coast. I landed just at dusk, and started for a cottage I saw not far away, when Captain Harrup came suddenly upon me. He swore a dreadful oath and tried to seize me; but I shrieked and fled among the trees and bushes that lined that part of the shore. He followed, with fearful threats upon his lips, but I hid myself in the wood and the gathering darkness favored my escape. But he

is surely on my track, and will never let up until he finds me and drags me back to his vessel. He knows that I am acquainted with many of his secrets, and will strain every nerve to prevent me from getting away entirely. But I do not mean to betray him if he will only let me alone and tell me where I can find my father and mother," sobbed the girl.

"But you have already said enough to brand him with suspicion," said Dick.

"What have I said?" she asked, in wild terror.

"You have admitted that he is a Canadian boot-legger."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "But you will not tell any one what I said. Promise me that you will not," she cried entreatingly.

"Why should you want to shield a man who has, according to your account, treated you so shamefully?" asked Dick, in astonishment.

"Because I want to learn from him where I can find my dear parents."

"I am afraid he is not a man to be trusted. Better have him arrested, and when he is in jail, and without power to further injure you, he may be compelled to make terms with you."

Before the girl could make any reply to this, a stalwart bearded man rose from behind the fence, which he cleared at a leap, and, rushing upon her with an exclamation of triumph, seized her by the arm.

"So I have caught you at last, eh?"

Jessie Brown uttered a thrilling scream and fainted dead away in his arms.

"She did."

"She told you a lie, then," said Captain Harrup, fiercely.

"I'd rather take her word than yours," replied Dick, doggedly.

"You would?"

"That's what I said."

"What else did she tell you?" asked the captain, a bit anxiously.

"No matter what she told me. You'd better let her go, or there'll be something doing you won't like."

Holding the girl on one arm, Captain Harrup, with a fierce imprecation, drew a revolver and pointed it at Dick.

"Now, you young pup! Answer my question, or I'll shoot you down where you stand. What else did she tell you?"

Dick saw that the captain had the drop on him, and, believing him to be desperate enough to carry out his threat, concluded that the wisest course was to answer the interrogation.

"She said you took her from her home in Canada on pretense of carrying her to her parents' home, and that when you got her in your power you refused to fulfill your promise until she married you."

"What else?"

"That's all, except she said she escaped from the Spindles late this afternoon and rowed herself to the shore in a small boat."

"Did she say anything about——"

The captain suddenly stopped, as if he thought better of uttering something that was on his mind.

"Are you sure that is all she told you?" he said in harsh tones.

"That was enough to show me what kind of a man you are," replied Dick.

Captain Harrup regarded the boy for a moment in silence. He was in a quandary as to what course to pursue toward him. He did not recognize Dick as the same boy he had watched bury the brass-bound box that afternoon, which he himself had subsequently unearthed and hid in a different spot; but it would have mattered little if he had done so. There was trouble, however, for him in Dick's presence and attitude. The boy evidently intended to resist his intention of bearing the unconscious girl from the farm. While he was considering this weighty problem a third party appeared on the scene. This was William Maddocks, his mate, who had been helping him search for the girl.

"Maddocks!" he exclaimed, with a sense of relief. "You have come at a lucky moment. I have caught the girl, but this young hayseed objects to my taking her away with me."

"What objection can he have?" asked the mate, striding forward and regarding Dick with some curiosity.

"He's got a quixotic notion in his head that he must defend the young lady. She has been blabbing to him——"

"Ha!" cried Maddocks, fiercely. "Has she betrayed us?"

"I am not sure," replied Captain Harrup, "but I think not."

"What's the matter with her now?"

"She's fainted," explained the captain.

CHAPTER IV.—Introduces Captain Harrup and His Mate.

"Who are you?" demanded Dick, feeling that, after what he had learned from the hapless girl, he ought to make a fight in her behalf.

He instinctively asked the intruder that question, though he almost knew that the man was Captain Harrup.

"None of your business, young man, who I am," replied the newcomer, aggressively.

"Yes, it is my business," answered Dick, pluckily. "This girl claimed my protection."

"Your protection!" sneered the bearded intruder.

"Yes, my protection," replied Dick, sturdily. "Your name is Cap'n Harrup, I believe?"

The man gave a start, and glared balefully through the night at the boy.

"Who says it is?" he retorted, with a touch of defiance in his tone.

"This girl—Jessie Brown."

"Ha! You know her name, too."

"I do. She told me."

"And I suppose she told you she was running away from me—her lawful guardian, eh?"

"She did, though I don't believe you are her guardian."

"You don't?"

"No. If you were her real guardian, and thought anything of her, you wouldn't keep her a prisoner aboard your sloop, or on the Spindles."

"Ha! She told you that, too?"

The mate gave a dry chuckle.

"Then I guess you'd better carry her over to our rendezvous and have her taken off to the island."

"Such is my intention. I should not have waited so long in doing so, but this cub objected."

"Objected, did he?" said Maddocks, with an unpleasant laugh.

"She claimed his protection from me, he said."

"Oh, she did! That's pretty good, I must say. Come, young fellow—right about face and march."

"Hold on, Maddocks. He might raise an alarm and cause us to be followed, which might lead to unpleasant results for us. You'd better lay hold of him and keep him quiet until I have had sufficient time to reach the old——"

"Hush!" warned the mate.

"Well, you know where I mean," replied Captain Harrup.

"I do. There is no need to name the place. You go on and leave me to attend to this youngster. I'll answer for it that he does not get away from me until I'm ready to let him go."

With those words Maddocks suddenly pounced upon Dick and backed him up against the fence.

"Now, don't let me hear a whisper out of your jaws, or something will happen that you won't like."

He spoke in a tone that showed he meant what he said, and Dick saw that he was quite helpless in his hands.

CHAPTER V.—How Dick and Joe Visit the Old Ruined Church by the Shore.

Captain Harrup uttered a satisfied laugh, raised Jessie Brown in his arms, and, clambering over the fence, disappeared in the gloom of the night. Some minutes passed away, and the mate watched his prisoner like a cat does a mouse it is playing with. The night was comparatively still, the silence being only broken by the croak of frogs in the nearby creek and the call of various night-birds in the distant wood. From afar came the low, musical cadence of the surf breaking upon the shore, a mile or so distant. Suddenly Dick and his captor heard some one coming up the lane whistling.

"Don't you dare open your mouth now, or I'll choke you!" said Mr. Maddocks in the boy's ear.

The whistler came closer. Dick recognized in that whistle his friend Joe King. Joe marched to the kitchen door of the farmhouse and knocked. The hired girl came to the door. She told the visitor, whom she knew well, in response to his query, that Dick hadn't come in from the barn yet, where he had gone immediately after tea. So Joe started for the barn. This was what Dick had been waiting for. He suddenly grappled with the mate of the Firebrand and shouted for help. Joe recognized his voice, and also that he was in trouble, and started to his assistance.

Maddocks soon found that the two sturdy lads he had to deal with were more than he could handle. So, shaking them off, he sprang over the fence and vanished in the darkness.

"Follow me, Joe!" cried Dick, excitedly.

"What! After that fellow? What's the use?"

"Not after that man, but after another chap, the captain of the craft that is smuggling liquor into the State."

"What do you mean?" asked the mystified Joe.

"Never mind asking for an explanation now. I want you to help save the finest little girl in all the world from the clutches of a scoundrel."

"Who is the girl?" asked Joe, not a little astonished.

"I told you not to ask questions, but follow me. There isn't a moment to be lost if we're going to save her."

As Dick vaulted the fence and started off in the direction taken by Captain Harrup, Joe was compelled to follow him without any further explanation, or remain behind in the farmyard, which, of course, he would not for a moment think of doing.

Captain Harrup had had a good start, but, burdened as he was with the senseless form of Jessie Brown, Dick figured that it would take him some little time to reach the beach, and consequently he hoped to be able to overhaul him. Dick also thought he had a clue to the captain's destination. Captain Harrup had told his mate to hold on to Dick until he had time to reach the old—and there he was choked off by Maddocks. Dick figured that he meant the old, dismantled church that stood a short distance back from the sea, on the edge of the ancient little churchyard, where the dead of the village had been buried for a hundred years back. The sea had gradually encroached on this God's acre until now the church in question, which had been supplanted by a more modern building nearer the village, hung almost above the sea at high tide.

Nothing had been left in the ancient church when it was abandoned but a cracked bell in the crumbling steeple, and this could occasionally be heard tolling mournfully on stormy nights when the wind from the great ocean played about it. So it was in the direction of the old church that Dick hurried, with Joe at his heels, as fast as they could make their way across the fields and through the wood in the dark. The music of the surf grew louder as they drew nearer to the shore, and when they finally reached the beach they could see the white rollers rising and falling a few yards away. So far Dick had seen nothing of Captain Harrup and the girl, or even of William Maddocks, and the boys, rather winded, relaxed their speed to a fast walk.

"What about this girl you want to save from a rascal, Dick? Who is she?"

Dick gave him the details.

"You said he was a smuggler, didn't you?" asked Joe.

"So the girl told me—a liquor smuggler. He must be the chap the government men have been after these three months past. I am satisfied that the Spindles is his rendezvous off the coast. And I believe the old church down by the burying-ground is used as a landing-place for the liquor brought ashore at night when the sloop is in this neighborhood. It's a wonder the revenue men haven't got on to that fact."

"That's so," replied Joe. "It would be a great thing for us if we could find out something that would lead to the detection of the smugglers, for there's a reward, as you know, offered for such

information. I believe it's over a thousand dollars. I wouldn't mind earning half of that amount if I got the chance."

"Well, Joe, I think we're in a fair way to earn it, if my idea of the situation turns out to be the correct one. While my main purpose is to rescue Jessie Brown, our success in that direction will probably result in the overthrow of the smugglers. If we can corner them, and then land them in jail, with the help of the revenue men, we'll probably get a large slice of the reward."

The boys were now drawing near to the old churchyard and church, where the ancient tombstones looked hoary and mildewed, and stuck up out of the sod at all kinds of angles. They passed close to the church and looked up and down the long stretch of surf-pounded beach. At first they could make out nothing but the silent sand, then Dick saw two objects walking rapidly in their direction. He was almost certain that they were Captain Harrup and Jessie Brown. Even as he looked he saw a third object jump out from among the bushes and join the others.

"That's Maddocks," he said to himself. Then nudging Joe, he pointed at the advancing persons and said briefly: Here they come. The girl has recovered her senses and is walking beside the cap'n."

Hiding behind the stone wall, under the shadow of the church, the boys silently watched the advancing figures. Inside of five minutes Dick was able to identify them beyond a doubt.

"That's Cap'n Harrup in the middle," he told Joe.

"And that's Jessie Brown, is it?" said Joe, watching the oncoming girl with no little curiosity.

"Yes," replied Dick.

Captain Harrup, leading Jessie and accompanied by his burly mate, hurried forward, with an occasional glance over their shoulders, as if they feared pursuit. Reaching the broken foundations of the church, where it overlapped the beach, they paused to assure themselves that no one was in sight. Then the captain uttered a signal whistle. In a moment or two a lantern flashed from the vaults. Seeing which, Harrup, dragging the girl with him, entered the ruin, with Maddocks close at his heels. The lantern vanished, and so did the smuggler captain, the girl and his mate.

CHAPTER VI.—In Which the Finger of Suspicion Points at Abner Parker and His Son Bige.

"Well, Joe," said Dick, "I guess there isn't much doubt now about this old church being the secret shore rendezvous of the violators of the excise laws."

"The only thing I see is for you to make your way to the village as fast as you can and gather a crowd of volunteers to come here, surround the church and capture all that are inside."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"Stay around and keep tab on the rascals."

"You can't prevent them from getting away if they've a mind to do so," said Joe.

"I suppose not," admitted Dick. "I hope they

won't make a move to leave here for an hour or two yet, and that will give you time to do your part."

"All right. I'll get a hustle on," replied Joe. "Hello! Here come a couple more of the crowd, I guess."

Dick looked along the beach and saw a man and a boy approaching. In a few minutes they came near enough for the boys to see their faces quite plainly.

"Why, it's Bige Parker and his old man," whispered Joe, in some astonishment.

Dick had recognized them, and was equally surprised.

"I wonder what they're doing down here at this hour of the night?" he remarked.

Mr. Abner Parker and his son walked straight up to the ruins and stopped. Then Bige put his fingers to his mouth and gave utterance to a peculiar whistle three times in succession.

"Now, what do you think of that?" gasped Joe. "Bige and his old man must be in with the liquor smugglers for a fact."

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Dick.

A man with a lantern presently issued from the ruins, walked up to Abner Parker and flashed the light in his and Bige's face.

"Well, my man," the boys heard Mr. Parker say, "I guess you find me all right, don't you? This is my boy Bige."

"Wait here till I report you to Cap'n Harrup, Mr. Parker," said the man.

He turned around and vanished the way he came. In a few moments the light flashed in the ruins beyond, and a voice bade the newcomers advance. They obeyed and disappeared under the wreck of the old church.

"I'll bet old man Parker is one of the chaps that is in this plot to rob the government and beat the excise," said Joe, as he started off in the shadow of the wall, leaving Dick to watch the church.

"I'd like to get into the vaults, if I could do so without being detected," thought Dick, when he was alone. "I'm mighty anxious about that girl. I'm willing to take a long chance to rescue her from the clutches of Cap'n Harrup."

With much caution he made his way to the rear of the crumbling edifice. By the aid of a pile of fallen stones he pulled himself up to a windowless opening and crawled inside the building. He tiptoed over to where the pulpit had once stood and began to examine the stone flooring with great care. The moonlight was now of great advantage to him, as it made the interior of the church almost as bright as daytime. At length he made out a big slab to which were attached three pair of heavy hinges, and on the opposite side there were two big iron rings imbedded at each end of the slab.

"I've found it," he breathed, his blood quickening under the excitement of the moment. "But I don't believe I'll be able, single-handed, to move it. It has probably remained untouched ever since the church was allowed to go to ruin."

Dick, however, had no idea of giving up without making the best effort he knew how to overcome the difficulty. So he laid hold of one of the rings and pulled. The ponderous appearance of the slab gave him little hope of success.

So delicately adjusted was the stone for moving,

however, that despite its size it soon began to yield to Dick's tough muscles. Little by little it rose from its socket, disclosing a dark void below.

When the stone reached a perpendicular position it stopped and would go no further. Dick had some matches in his pocket. He lit one and flashed the light down into the abyss. He saw a dozen stone steps as solid as the rocks on the seashore, leading down into the vaults.

"I wonder if those liquor smugglers know of this way of access to the ruins below? I'll wager they don't. I may be able to get right amongst them without their knowledge. That will be great. It will serve as a fine way of trapping them when Joe brings back a dozen villagers to round the rascals up."

Dick descended the stone steps and came to the first of a series of low vaults. The crypts, where bodies had once been interred, were bare of the moldy coffins, for they had been removed and buried in the more modern cemetery. Dick surveyed those vaults by the aid of matches, that burned with a dull, bluish light instead of the ordinary bright flare. The boy had no interest in them except so far as they helped him forward in the object he was striving to attain. Much to his chagrin there seemed to be no outlet from them except the low arches that separated them. When he reached the last one he was about to give up and return to the church above, when his sharp eyes detected a streak of light shining through a crevice in one of the walls. Investigating this, he found it came from a large cellar beyond. The room was filled with a score or two of mackerel kits. A keg of real French brandy was concealed inside of each kit, but so cleverly was this done that to all outward appearance they looked innocent enough, and not even a skilled revenue agent would have suspected the ruse. A ship's lantern stood on top of one of the tiers, and an arched doorway communicated with another cellar to one side. Close to the stacked-up mackerel kits, and evidently checking off their number, was Abner Parker, while beside him stood Captain Harrup. The two men appeared to be on familiar terms, and confirmed Dick's opinion that Mr. Parker was the shore agent for the contraband liquor.

CHAPTER VII—Discloses a Few Facts About the Liquor Smuggling Business.

"You find the number of kits correct, according to the schedule, don't you, Mr. Parker?" said Captain Harrup, when his companion had finished his enumeration.

"Yes, captain, the count is all right," replied Abner Parker.

"And every one of them has a keg of the best French cognac snugly stowed away in its insides," said the skipper of the Firebrand, complacently, as he puffed his good cigar.

"Ah, Captain Harrup, this is a great scheme of yours for hoodwinking the revenue officers. So far it has worked like a charm. Two weeks ago an officer happened along as my son Bige was driving a load of these things to Rockport. He glanced into the wagon as he passed, but, seeing only half a dozen innocent-looking mackerel kits,

he continued on his way without the least suspicion that he had been within arm's length of something he would have given a good deal to have spotted. It is a great idea."

"Yes," nodded the captain, blowing out a cloud of tobacco smoke; "it fills the bill right up to the handle. Now, how many empty kits will you have on hand for us to take off to the sloop to-night?"

"I have about forty."

"The boats will come ashore a little after midnight. Have the empties here before that hour. Then you can carry back a load of these full ones, and afterward get the balance up to your place before daylight."

"Bige will attend to that all right, captain. He's a pretty slick boy, Bige is. He'll have every one of these kits in our barn before cock-crow."

"Good. You brought the money with you, I suppose, to pay for this lot?"

"Certainly. The sum we agreed on is——"

"Twenty-four hundred dollars," replied Captain Harrup, promptly.

"Why not make it an even two thousand dollars?" said Mr. Parker, persuasively.

"No, no, Mr. Parker," answered the skipper, with a strong shake of his head. "The lot is dirt cheap at twenty-four hundred dollars. I couldn't take a cent less."

"But I have only two thousand dollars."

"Hand it over. I'll trust you for the balance."

"I don't like to carry a credit account to you on my ledger," said Mr. Parker.

"Then send the four hundred dollars by your son Bige when he brings down the empty kits at midnight."

Seeing that Captain Harrup was firm in his demand, Mr. Parker counted out the two thousand dollars, and promised to send the balance by his son that night. Captain Harrup stowed the bills away in an inner pocket and offered his companion a fat cigar.

"Come into the other cellar and we'll drink success to our next venture," he said, taking the lantern from its roosting spot on the top of the kits.

"I suppose you'll make another run this time thirty days hence?" said Mr. Parker, as he followed the skipper toward the arched opening.

"If nothing prevents, you may expect to hear from me about that time," replied Captain Harrup.

Then the two men retired to the adjoining cellar, leaving the one where the kits were in darkness, except for the streak of illumination that shone through the arched doorway.

"Well," said Dick, who had overheard every word of the foregoing conversation. "Mr. Parker and Bige are hand-in-glove with the liquor smugglers, beyond a doubt; but I guess I'll put a spoke in their wheel. So there's a keg of French cognac in every one of those mackerel kits? And Bige is to carry them up to his father's barn before sunrise? Maybe he will, but if he does, they'll never get any further, if I have anything to say about the matter. I'm going to get a slice of that reward for putting the government on the track of the smugglers and the receiver of the contraband goods. It will kind of reconcile me to the loss of that treasure-box I had all the trouble

of digging up for somebody else to benefit by. I wonder if I couldn't manage to get into that cellar some way? I'd like to get a further line on Captain Harrup and Mr. Parker."

Dick struck a match and examined the wall where the crack was. He found it was in a crumbly state, and it looked as if it would not take much prying at to make a hole sufficiently large for him to crawl through. He set to work without delay, and soon the stones came out in his hands, one by one, for the mortar had very little hold on them. Dick worked diligently to accomplish his object. He had some fear, however, that the wall might give way in a big chunk, with a noise loud enough to bring the smugglers into that cellar to find out the reason for the disturbance. Fortunately nothing like that happened. As soon as he had made an opening wide enough for him to pass his shoulders through he stopped enlarging it any more. After listening to the sounds that came to his ears from the adjacent cellar, and having satisfied himself that the persons in there were not likely to make their appearance through the archway for a while, at least, he scrambled through the hole he had made in the wall and soon found himself standing inside, within easy reach of the mackerel kits. He made his way at once to the arched opening and looked into the next cellar. It was twice the size of the one he was in, and was furnished with a plain deal table, at which Captain Harrup, William Maddocks and Mr. Parker sat drinking and smoking; half a dozen stools, a small iron stove, with a pipe leading out through the further wall, and various other articles which it is unnecessary to particularize. Bige Parker sat on a stool close to his father's elbow, with a cigarette between his lips and a glass of something that looked stronger than water in his hand. Near the archway was a piece of sailcloth thrown over some invisible object, and it immediately occurred to Dick that there was an excellent hiding-place for him if he could reach its shelter without being discovered.

This was not an easy feat to accomplish, as the cellar was brightly lighted up by two lanterns. The men appeared to be absorbed in the conversation, while Bige's back was presented to him; so, after some reflection, Dick decided to chance it. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled quickly toward and presently hid himself under the sailcloth. No one saw him do this, and he congratulated himself on the success of his maneuver. He found that there was a heavy iron box, not very large, under the sailcloth. As his fingers ran over its dirt-encrusted surface and rested on a handle at the end nearest him it suddenly flashed across his mind that this box was very like the one he had dug up near the old shanty on his half-acre plot. A strong suspicion gradually formed itself in his mind that this might be the same chest. Should such be the actual fact, it was certainly a mystery how it came to be in that cellar. It could only be accounted for by the fact that some member of this crowd of smugglers had seen him dig the box up and afterward reburied it close to the shanty. Then, taking advantage of his short absence from the spot when he went after Joe, and his fish-cart, had dug it up and dragged it away to some place,

whence it was afterward conveyed to the old church.

As the reflection struck him that he had a chance of regaining this box of money, his blood began to tingle with a fresh excitement. He had now a triple object in circumventing the liquor smugglers, namely, the rescue of Jessie Brown, the recovery of the lost treasure-box and the prospective reward that would surely be his if the rascals were captured through his efforts.

"I don't see a sign of Jessie Brown's presence down here," he said to himself. "I wonder where the cap'n stowed her away."

He remained very still in his hiding-place, for fear one of the persons in the place might notice a movement of the sailcloth, which would naturally arouse his suspicion that something was wrong.

Of course he easily heard all that was being said at the table.

"I should think your movements would be closely watched at St. Johns," remarked Mr. Parker to Captain Harrup. "You see, the revenue people are satisfied that contraband liquor is being smuggled into this State at some point along the coast, and lately their suspicions have attached to this locality. I suppose the reason for that is because the Rockport, Rockland and Warren druggists have not been buying much liquor of late from Boston, for medicinal purposes, of course, and yet they seem to have an unusually plentiful supply of extra fine brandy constantly on hand, in spite of the fact that physicians have found it necessary to issue an increasing number of prescriptions calling for brandy. Then, too, every well-to-do resident, as well as about every farmer, has a private demijohn in some secret spot in his premises. As a matter of fact, the authorities have discovered that alcoholic liquors were never so plentiful within a radius of one hundred miles of this spot as they are now."

Captain Harrup and his mate laughed heartily at Mr. Parker's words.

"Yes," replied the captain, "the Firebrand is getting to be an object of suspicion at St. Johns. There is no doubt of that fact. The Newfoundland authorities don't care a tinker's blessing, as they are losing nothing, but the American government has several secret service men on the watch there. I have discovered the identity of two of them who have been nosing around the water-front. But what can they make out of the sloop but a simple fishing smack? We always sail in an open way on a mackerel cruise, and mackerel are to be found along this coast as well as elsewhere. When we return to St. Johns we're loaded down with the fish. No one who has watched the sloop has ever seen us take a single cask of brandy or a solitary case of wine on board. How could they, when we haven't done so? The brandy and other liquor is carried out of St. Johns, and sometimes other Canadian ports, by another vessel, that meets us off soundings, where the transfer is effected. Then I land the stuff at the Spindles, where we keep the empty kits. There the brandy kegs are packed in the kits, and when not taken into Rockland are landed here. You know that it wouldn't do to bring too many kits of mackerel into Rockland under existing conditions, lest discovery of our methods might come about, and that

would be the end of the business. That's why I selected the lonesome stretch of shore near this church to help us out."

"I understand," replied Mr. Parker. "You seem to be a pastmaster at dissimulation."

"One has got to be quick-witted when dealing with the argus-eyed officials on the lookout at all times."

"Well, I guess I've got to be moving," said Mr. Parker, finishing his glass and rising to his feet. "It will take an hour or more, after Bige and I get home, for him to bring those kits down here."

"One glass more before we part, Mr. Parker," said the captain, refilling the glasses from the stone jug on the table. "Here's success to a continuation of our trade, and may you have no trouble in getting the contents of those forty-odd kits in yonder cellar on the market."

This sentiment was duly drank to with much enthusiasm on the part of those so vitally interested in the nefarious traffic, after which Abner Parker and his precious son took their departure from the place.

CHAPTER VIII.—Treats of Captain Harrup, His Mate, and Jessie Brown.

Captain Harrup and his mate remained at the table.

"What are your ultimate intentions toward the girl, cap'n?" asked Maddocks.

"Why, I mean to marry her, of course. I thought you knew that."

"I've heard you say so half a dozen times, but I don't see you doing it."

"I haven't been able to win her over to my way of thinking as yet; that's the reason the ceremony has been postponed."

"Will you ever win her over? She's even more opposed to you now than she was when she first came aboard the sloop."

"Oh, she'll get tired of holding off, and being kept under hatches, after a while."

"If you don't do something to the point with regard to her soon it will lead to trouble. She all but got away from you to-night."

"I know she did; but she won't get another chance to give us the slip soon again," said the captain, vehemently.

"She might have ruined us if she had got clean off and told tales," replied Maddocks. "She's a dangerous adjunct to our business, cap'n. Some means must be found to insure her silence. If you're sweet on her, and can't live without her, you'd better marry her right off the reel, whether she's willing or not. Then her own interests will no doubt keep her quiet."

"It isn't that I'm sweet on her, Maddocks. She's rather a young thing for a man of my years."

"Then what's your object in hanging on to her?"

"The fact of the matter is, she's heiress to a considerable property that I'd like to get my hands on."

"Oh, is that the way the wind blows? You think by marrying her that you'll come in for quite a bit of property, eh?"

Captain Harrup nodded.

"Then if I was you, cap'n, I wouldn't lose any

unnecessary time in having the knot tied. The sooner the better, for your interest as well as ours."

"I know; but a forced marriage is not a legal one. Things must be done up shipshape in order to arrive at results."

"How long have you known her?"

"I've known her, in a way, ever since she was a little girl and came under the roof of an old comrade of mine. Brown isn't her right name, but is the name he gave her when he got her. His wife was nurse to the girl's mother, and because she was detected and dismissed from a particularly soft berth for taking things that belonged to the grand house in which she was employed she revenged herself by kidnapping the child and carrying her off to Newfoundland, where she kept her until lately, when I persuaded the girl to come aboard my sloop under pretense of restoring her to her parents, whom she had always supposed to be dead until I told her they wasn't, and that they have never really ceased to look for her, which is the one straight fact of the cock-and-bull yarn I handed her out. She's been dead to them these twelve years, but they still have detectives searching at intervals for some trace of her."

"Her folks are wealthy, then, I s'pose?"

"Yes. Got plenty of worldly goods."

"All of which she'll come in for one of these days, if she's allowed to return to them, eh?"

Captain Harrup nodded.

"The most important point to me is that her grandfather left her about fifty thousand dollars when she was three years old, just before she was stolen. That is still being held in trust for her, and is the golden object I'm after."

"Where does her folks live?"

"In Boston."

"And their name is——"

"Oh, come now, Maddocks, you don't expect I'm going to tell you the real secret, do you?" asked Captain Harrup, with a short laugh.

The mate laughed, too, and refilled his glass.

"Well, here's hoping that you'll get your flukes on the rhino," he said. "Now, let's talk about a more interesting subject to me."

"What's that?"

"Why, that brass-bound box I helped you carry down from the spot where you had it buried to this cellar. Yonder it lies under that bit of sail-cloth."

"What about it?"

"I want to know what's in it."

"Well, what do you think is in it?"

"I think it holds something valuable—silver plate, for instance."

"Or money."

"Money wouldn't weigh——"

"Gold money would."

"I don't think it's money that makes it weighty."

"What then?"

"Silver plate and other like articles."

"What makes you suppose it contains such stuff as that?"

"Because I imagine it holds the plunder of some robbery done in this neighborhood, and silverware is the more likely goods that would be carried off. There may be some money in it, but

I think it more likely that the thief would keep that in his pocket. Now, it is different as regards other kinds of swag which has to be turned into money—that's always a more or less dangerous matter, for it can be traced."

"What makes you think the contents of the box is stolen property? To my eye, that chest looks like a very old one that had been a good many years under ground. Some old miser around here may have buried his gold in it, and then died with the secret untold."

"You may be right, Maddocks," replied Captain Harrup, reflectively.

"Right or not, what I'm trying to get at is what is coming to me out of it."

"For helping me to fetch it here?"

"Exactly; and for assisting you to get it off aboard the sloop. It's right I should have a share, isn't it?"

"I expect to give you a portion, but certainly not a full half."

"I'm not looking for half. You found it, and have the first call upon it, but I think that about a quarter would be a fair divvy."

Captain Harrup looked as if he was not particularly anxious to hand over as much as that of his find, which he privately believed to consist of property of considerable value. Finally he agreed to his mate's proposition, though he did it grudgingly. Then he looked at his watch.

"It's half-past ten," he said. "Suppose you go out and talk to Noyes for a while. I've got something to say to the girl."

"All right," agreed Maddocks, draining his glass and rising from his chair.

The mate recharged his pipe, lit it, and strolled out of the cellar. After he had gone, Captain Harrup sat for a while smoking the last of his cigar, and apparently thinking deeply. At length he tossed the butt away, got up, went through an opening in the cellar, and presently returned, leading Jessie Brown by the wrist.

"Sit down," he said to her, resuming his former seat at the table.

She obeyed. There were traces of tears on her cheeks, and her manner was much depressed.

"I want to know when you are going to marry me, Jessie?" said Captain Harrup, leaning his arms on the table and looking at her. The girl made no reply, nor did she raise her eyes from the floor at his question.

"Still obdurate, eh?" he said harshly. "This afternoon you made your escape from the island, and only that I fortunately happened to be near the shore when you landed you might have given me the slip. As it was, you did manage to escape for a while. What were you saying to that young cub you met on that farm?"

"Nothing that need worry you," she answered, with an effort.

"You mean you did not betray the business that brings us to this coast—is that it?"

"Yes."

"But you told him about yourself. You told him I had taken you away from your home in Canada, promising to restore you to parents you had thought dead. You told him that, didn't you?"

"I did."

"You also told him that as soon as I got you aboard the sloop I refused to carry out my promise until you married me. Isn't that true?"

"It is."

"Why did you confide all that to a stranger—a common farm boy?"

Jessie remained silent.

"Answer me!" he demanded sharply.

"Because—because—I——"

She broke down, bent her head on the edge of the table, and began to weep bitterly.

"Because you were a little fool," he said angrily. "No doubt you'd betrayed the whole business if I hadn't come upon you when I did."

"No—no," she sobbed.

He stroked his heavy beard and regarded her a moment or two in silence.

"What would have prevented you from giving us away?"

"I wouldn't want to send you or the others to prison," she replied in a choked voice.

"Very considerate of you, indeed," he answered sneeringly. "If you think so much of my safety, why won't you marry me and put an end to your captivity?"

"Because I never can care enough for you to do that."

"I'm too old for you, I suppose? Well, I'm not a young shrimp, it is true. I'm a man able to provide for you in a proper manner. I've no doubt I could make you happy enough if you'd look at the matter in a sensible way. I've got money—a good bit of it—and I mean to have more. If anything happened to me after we got spliced it would all go to you. Then you'd be a fine, handsome young widow. There are lots of girls that would tumble over themselves to get me if they thought they had a chance. Forty-four years wouldn't stand in the way—not much. No, nor fifty-four, for that matter. You are a little fool to turn down a good thing. However, I don't mean to be turned down. Do you hear me? I've made up my mind to marry you, and when I determine on a thing I always put it through by hook or by crook. The best thing you can do is to yield at once. Then when the business is done up brown I'll take you to your parents."

"Are my father and mother surely alive?" she asked, with tearful eagerness.

"They are."

"Where, oh, where are they?"

"They're living in Boston."

"What is my real name?"

"You will know that after you have married me."

"You will not tell me now?"

"I'm not such a fool," he replied curtly.

"How can I know you are telling the truth? How can I tell but this is a trick on your part to make me marry you? I do not love you—I never can; but if I was sure that I would see and embrace a dear mother and father whose love I have so long been deprived of I'd——"

"Well?" said the captain, as she paused with a little shudder.

"I'd consent to marry you," she replied in an almost inaudible tone.

"If you were sure, eh?" he said in a tone of satisfaction. "I have here all the necessary evidence to prove who you are," he said, putting his

hand in his pocket and bringing out a pocketbook. "When we return to Newfoundland we'll go to a minister's. Before he reads the ceremony that will make us one you shall look at these papers and satisfy yourself that I have not deceived you; but before I will place them in your hands you must swear to stand by your promise. Do you agree to that?"

Before she could answer him a loud sneeze came from under the piece of sailcloth that covered the brass-bound treasure-box. Captain Harrup turned around and looked at the tumbled pieces of canvas. Then he rose and walking to the spot tore the sailcloth away. Dick Dallas lay revealed before his astonished eyes.

CHAPTER IX.—In Which Dick Finds Himself in a Tight Fix.

Jessie Brown had followed Captain Harrup's movements with her eyes, and when the sailcloth was cast aside, and our young hero was plainly to be seen crouching beside the dirt-encrusted chest, she instantly recognized him, though she had only seen him once before under a starlit sky. Instinctively she clasped her hands and uttered a suppressed scream.

"So it's you, is it?" roared Captain Harrup, in angry amazement, recognizing the boy as the same who had stood up for Jessie Brown at the Richardson farm.

Dick jumped to his feet and faced the skipper of the Firebrand.

"How came you here?" demanded the captain.

"I came after my box," replied Dick, adopting that excuse on the spur of the moment.

"After your what?"

"My box."

"What box, you young monkey?"

"That brass-bound chest here. It's mine. I dug it up and then you stole it from me."

Those words caused Captain Harrup to identify Dick as the boy he had seen dig up and afterward rebury the box. A much more serious question than the ownership of the brass-bound treasure chest confronted the captain.

How long had the lad been concealed under that piece of sailcloth, and what had he heard during that time?

"How did you get in here and when?" gritted the skipper.

"I want to know if you're going to give up that box?" asked Dick, ignoring the question.

"Answer my question," thundered Captain Harrup.

"Oh, I walked in a little while ago," Dick answered carelessly.

Captain Harrup put a whistle to his lips and blew a blast. Mr. Maddocks responded at once.

"What do you want, cap'n?" he asked.

Then his gaze lighted on Dick.

"Why, who's this?" he added.

"Don't you recognize him?" asked the captain.

The mate stepped closer and looked the boy in the face.

"I do now," answered Maddocks with a low imprecation. "This is the young cub you handed

over to me to watch—the chap you found the girl with—and he gave me the slip with the help of another lad who came up shortly after you had gone off with the young lady. What's he doing here? How did he get in?"

"That's what I want to know. Take a lantern and examine the next cellar."

The mate grabbed a lantern, entered the adjoining cellar, and returned in a moment or two.

"There's a big hole in the north wall that wasn't there when the kits were stowed away. He must have got in that way."

"You watch him while I take a look at it," said the skipper.

He took the lantern from the mate's hand and entered the next cellar. When he came back he was madder than ever.

"It's clear he broke through from the vaults beyond. There must be another hole somewhere beyond communication from the outside. The cub has followed us, and he's evidently been here long enough to learn enough to ruin us. What shall we do with him?"

"The first thing will be to tie him up so he can't escape," said Maddocks.

"Get a piece of rope and do it, then?" replied Captain Harrup, drawing his revolver and pointing it at Dick. "Since you've seen fit to poke your nose into a hornet's nest, you young cub, you must expect to be stung."

The mate readily found a small length of rope and approached Dick to tie him.

The boy dodged so as to place the mate between him and the pointed pistol. Maddocks endeavored to grab him but failed.

"Stand still or I'll shoot you," roared Captain Harrup, altering his position so as to cover the boy again.

As he uttered the words Jessie Brown sprang between Dick and the captain's aim.

"Stand out of the way, Jessie!" stormed the skipper.

"You shan't shoot him!" she cried, desperately.

"Seize her, Maddocks!" cried Captain Harrup, furiously, advancing himself.

The mate made a spring at the girl and laid hold of her. The skipper walked up to Dick and thrust the revolver within an inch or two of his nose.

"Now, then, Maddocks, let the girl go and tie this slippery interloper."

The mate obeyed and in two minutes Dick was a prisoner with his arms secured behind his back.

"Thrice him up to yonder stanchion," directed Captain Harrup.

Dick was duly fastened to a post at the back of the cellar.

"Now, my girl," said the skipper, putting the lantern on the table, "you'd better go back to your cage till the boats arrive and I can send you off to the sloop."

He grabbed her by the wrist and marched her off by the route he had brought her into the cellar. In a few moments he returned.

"Come here, Maddocks," he said. "We'll have to carry this young chap aboard of the sloop or else——"

"What?"

"Shoot him."

Maddocks shook his head to the last suggestion.

"No bloodletting in mine," he objected.

"There is no silence like the silence of death," persisted the skipper. "He has our secret in his possession, and if he escapes——"

"We mustn't let him escape."

"Of course not; but if we permit him to live there is always a chance of his outwitting us when we're off our guard. For my part I should not like to lose what I've worked so hard for."

"Nor I," replied the mate; "but murder I draw a line at."

"Seems to me you've grown mighty squeamish all at once," sneered Captain Harrup, with a frown. "I don't call it murder—it's self-preservation."

"I don't see any need for going to extremes with the boy. We've got him in our power. We ought to be able to hold him as well as you've held that girl."

"And he might escape from us just as that girl came within an ace of doing. That boy butted in here of his own free will and ought to take the consequences."

"Of course he'll have to take the consequences; but those consequences need not mean his death."

"Well, we'll leave the matter for all hands to decide on. We're all in the same boat, though you and I have the most to lose. This lad is a plucky fellow—I can see that with half an eye—and he's bound to give us a whole lot of trouble unless we can silence him effectively. As I said before if he should make his escape it would then be good-bye to us and the business. Our trips would be confined to the pavement of the State prison, and the sloop and our paraphernalia would be sold to the highest bidder to pad out the reward that is offered for our detection and conviction. We should be as completely ruined as any man that ever went through a court of bankruptcy."

"I reckon I value my liberty as well as any of you, and would risk life and limb to preserve it," responded the mate doggedly. "I would defend my property to the last, and, in a fair fight, wouldn't hesitate to shed blood to save it; but I'd sooner lose all than put my neck into the hangman's noose."

"There's no danger of our doing that. If it's so decided that the boy is to be put out of the way we'll draw lots to see who will undertake the job, and that can be arranged in such a way that none of us will know who the lot falls to. Then the lad will disappear, and that's all there'll be to it."

"I don't like it," replied Maddocks. "It's my opinion if we deal fairly with the chap he will never betray us."

"Oh, of course," returned Captain Harrup, ironically. "I s'pose you'd vote to let him go free and trust to his honor. Bosh! The first thing he'd do would be to put the revenue officers on to us and our game. I wouldn't trust a man's oath, under the circumstances, much less a boy's."

William Maddocks shrugged his shoulders and filled out a glass of liquor for himself, an example followed by the skipper. They drank in silence.

"It's pretty near time for the boats to come ashore," said Captain Harrup, putting down his glass. "Let's adjourn to the beach."

The two men left the cellar and Dick Dallas to his own reflections.

CHAPTER X.—Describes How Dick and Jessie Made their escape from the Smugglers.

"I guess I'm in a pretty tight box," mused Dick, after the skipper and his mate had left the cellar. "I wonder what they'll do with me? Thank goodness Joe wasn't in here, too. He ought to be back here soon with a crowd large enough to take these three rascals into custody, and release me and Miss Brown. If I could only manage to free myself before these chaps return, I could perhaps release the girl and then we both could make our escape by the way I entered."

With this idea in his head he strained away at the cords that bound him, but found that Maddocks had made a pretty thorough job of tying him to the post. He couldn't possibly get his hands loose.

"It looks as if I'm a fixture until somebody cuts this rope," he said to himself disconsolately.

At that moment Jessie Brown looked cautiously into the cellar. Seeing no one she came forward and looked around. Dick saw her at once and called out in a low tone:

"Miss Jessie."

She looked startled at the hail, and for a moment stood trembling in her tracks. Then her eyes rested on Dick and she ran to him.

"Quick!" he exclaimed. "Cut me loose."

"I haven't a knife."

"Put your hand in my pocket and you'll find my jackknife. It's got a sharp blade that'll go through the rope as though it was cheese."

Conscious that every moment was precious Jessie lost no time in getting possession of the knife. A minute later the cords fell away from the prisoner and he was free.

"Come, let's get out of here. You must go with me."

"Yes, yes; but how can we get out of these cellars? The only entrance is yonder, and that is guarded by one of Captain Harrup's men."

"There is another way."

"Another way?" she ejaculated in some surprise.

"Yes, the way I got in."

"Ah!"

"I broke through the wall of the next cellar. Come, I will show you."

He led the trembling girl into the adjacent cellar where the kits were stored. It was dark, of course, but Dick knew the way to the opening he had made, and with his hand on Jessie's arm he brought her right up to it.

"I never can get through there," she said doubtfully.

"Yes you can, when it's a case of must. I'll go through first and then pull you through afterward."

"Where does it lead to?" she asked.

"The burial vaults."

"Oh!"

"And thence up a stone stairway into the body of the church."

"How can we get out of the church?"

"By the same way I got in—through one of the windowless openings."

She seemed to be satisfied and Dick, after listening a moment, crawled through the opening into the vault beyond.

As soon as he had landed on the other side he helped Jessie through also. Then he hurried her through the dark and creepy vaults to the stone stairway.

"Now follow me up and we'll be out of the building in a twinkling."

He ran up the steps, and the girl followed close behind him.

"I may as well close this slab," he breathed, letting the heavy, but nicely adjusted slab down into its socket.

Like two shadows they crossed over to the window by which Dick had entered. Here a real difficulty presented itself. The ledge was just out of their reach. Dick hadn't thought of the matter when he entered, for his thoughts were wholly engrossed with the one idea of getting into the church vaults. Now it looked as if their escape was blocked. However, it was not Dick's nature to be discouraged by obstacles. Whenever he ran against a snag he put his mind to work to try and get around it by the easiest manner possible.

"How can we get out?" asked Jessie, anxiously.

"I can lift you up, then you can scramble through and drop on the other side."

"But how will you manage yourself?"

"Oh, I'll get out somehow," he replied reassuringly.

"Isn't there any other way?" she asked, not exactly liking the method proposed.

"I don't know," replied Dick. "We can investigate, of course, but time is precious with us. The skipper and his mate may return to the cellar any moment, and when they find I have escaped they're bound to follow, and then we may be caught on the very threshold of freedom."

"I'll do anything you say," she answered in a resigned tone.

"There's a couple of doors in the sacristy," he said; "but I'm afraid they're locked."

He led the way into a small, bleak apartment in the rear of the crumbling edifice. Striking a match he looked around and saw the two narrow doors at either end. He tried one. It was locked as he had feared. The other was just as secure.

"Blocked again," he said. "The window seems to be our only chance."

They returned into the body of the church again. Dick glanced around for something that would make their escape easier. He saw a dark object at the far end of the church where it overlapped the beach.

Perhaps it was something that might assist them.

"Wait here," he said to Jessie.

Then he glided across the stone slabs composing the floor. The dark object turned out to be a number of pieces of driftwood that somebody had carried from the shore into the church and left there. One of them would serve their purpose. By placing it beneath the window they could crawl up to the opening and thus reach the goal of their hopes. Before taking possession of the log Dick went and tried the heavy front door of the church. Pulling it open a little way he looked

down on a mass of crumbling earth that the tides had undermined. It would have been easy for him and Jessie to leave the church and gain the beach by this road, but it would lay them open to immediate recapture, as they must surely be seen at some point by the man on watch in the ruins. Under such conditions Dick would not chance it. So he closed the door, got the log and carried it over to where the girl was impatiently awaiting his return. He stood the piece of driftwood at an angle under the opening, crawled up to the edge, and then steadied it so that Jessie could follow. Then to leap off on to the pile of debris on the outside was a simple matter. The churchyard, with its straggling array of dilapidated headstones, lay before them, bathed in the moonshine. Dick, however, did not propose to retreat very far from the church, for he wanted to be on hand when Joe came up with his force of villagers. Indeed he expected them to appear at any moment now, for it was close on to midnight. Dick looked around for some place where they might hide in comparative safety from the pursuit which he judged would not be long delayed.

Not far from the church, and close to the shore wall, was a dilapidated tomb. It stood under the shade of a weeping willow. Some weeks before Dick had peeped into it when he was down that way, and he now recollected that it offered an excellent refuge. It was erected over a vault, and was dry and roomy, at least for two persons. To this shelter then Dick guided the trembling girl and assisted her to step into it. By kneeling on the flagging which composed the floor of the tomb one could easily look over the edge of the broken cover of the tomb and survey not only the church, a hundred feet away, but a good part of the beach and ocean. While Jessie remained hidden from sight Dick posted himself at the opening and awaited developments.

CHAPTER II.—Wherein Dick and Jessie Are Recaptured.

As Dick glanced out to sea he observed a good-sized sloop making in for the land from the direction of the Spindles. Evidently this was the smugglers' craft—the Firebrand. She hove to within a hundred yards of the beach, and two boats put out from her and headed for the shore. Down the beach came a large farm wagon, driven by Bige Parker. It was heaped with empty mackerel kits. Outside the ruins on the beach in the moonlight stood Captain Harrup and his mate. They were watching the boats as they rapidly drew close in. Bige and the wagon arrived at the same time that the boats were beached. Captain Harrup stepped forward and issued orders to the four men composing the crew of each boat.

They turned to at once to unload the wagon and carry the kits to the boats. When the kits were all aboard the men shoved the boats off and returned to the sloop, where their freight was speedily transferred to the hold of the vessel. One boat alone returned to the beach. In the meanwhile, however, Bige drove close to the ruins, and entered the place with Captain Harrup and the mate.

"There'll be something doing now sure," thought Dick, "for as soon as they enter the cellar they'll discover that I've escaped."

In about five minutes out dashed the skipper and Maddocks, each lantern in hand, and taking opposite directions they began to examine the foundation of the church on the outside.

"They've found out that I've got away, and perhaps have discovered that Jessie is missing, too, and are looking for the hole through which they suppose we made our escape," chuckled Dick, with his eyes on the bearded captain. "They must have been through the vaults in search of us, and are no doubt greatly puzzled to account for the manner by which we disappeared. If I had not closed the movable slab at the head of the stone steps the secret would have been clear; but unless they know how easily it works they would scarcely suspect we could have passed that way."

Captain Harrup and his mate came together at the rear of the church, and Dick saw them hold a consultation. Then Maddocks climbed into the window through which the fugitives made their exit from the church. He saw the log leaning against the sill of the opening and called the captain's attention to the suspicious fact. Dick saw Captain Harrup make some motion and the mate disappeared with the lantern inside the church. In about five minutes he reappeared at the window again and made his report, which, of course, was to the effect that the fugitives were not inside. Another consultation was held and then they returned to the cellar again. They did not reappear until the boat from the sloop reached the beach. Then the captain rushed down to the water's edge and spoke to the four sailors. Led by the skipper and Maddocks they hurried into the graveyard and scattered among the tombs.

"They're making a regular search for us," muttered Dick. "I'll get in out of sight."

While the search was in progress the smuggler Noyes, the man who had been standing watch at the ruins, was assisting Bige Parker to load his wagon with the kits containing the concealed kegs of brandy. When twenty had been put into the wagon the boy drove hastily off up the shore.

"Do you think they'll find us here?" asked Jessie in anxious tones after Dick had told her what Captain Harrup and his men were doing.

"I hope not," he replied. "I think the chances are all against it. Who could think of looking into an old broken-down tomb for us?"

Jessie felt reassured at his words. It did look as if they were in a pretty secure retreat. But they didn't know Captain Harrup's method of doing things. When the skipper was thoroughly aroused to the exigency of the moment his mind suggested a hundred ways of accomplishing a desired object. On this occasion he realized that the escape of his prisoners meant absolute ruin to his profitable smuggling scheme. Therefore he purposed to leave no stone unturned to recapture the fugitives. Had he known that a crowd of villagers, led by the boy friend of Dick Dallas, was rapidly approaching the churchyard at that moment he would have been more cautious though hardly less thorough in his search. He had directed that every tomb and headstone be carefully examined for some trace of his late pris-

oners. Taking the direction of the shore wall himself he flashed his lantern on every side as he advanced. Finally he reached the broken tomb in which the fugitives cowered down out of sight. The moment he saw it it struck him that it offered unusual facilities of concealment. He lowered his lantern into the break of the lid and bent his head down to examine its interior. Of course he could not fail to see the boy and girl hugging the furthest corner.

"Ha!" he exclaimed with a grim look of satisfaction. "So there you are, eh?"

Rising he blew his whistle to recall his men.

Maddocks and the others soon came running up.

"Have you located them?" asked the mate, eagerly.

"They're in this tomb," he laughed harshly. "Step out both of you," he called to the fugitives, "or you'll be vanked out in short order."

The game was up and so Dick and Jessie came forth most unwillingly, and were seized by their arms.

"Please let him go," she begged, with a tearful glance at Dick, "and I'll agree to anything you want."

"I dare say you will," he retorted coldly. "It's too late now to try and make conditions with me, young lady. You've had all the rope you're going to have. After this I'll take care it's your last."

"This is your second attempt to escape me, miss," said Captain Harrup, bestowing an angry look at the girl; "but it will be my will, not yours, that will rule matters. Bring them along."

So Dick and Jessie were marched back to the ruins. They were not carried into the cellar, but after the boy's arms were bound they were forced into the boat. Then Captain Harrup and the mate appeared with the brass-bound treasure box between them which they deposited in the bottom of the boat. At this moment Joe and the villagers came dashing through the graveyard. They were armed with shotguns, revolvers, and other weapons hastily secured at their homes. They were seen by the smugglers before they reached the shore wall and a cry of alarm was raised. Captain Harrup recognizing the necessity of a hasty retreat ordered his men into the boat. The craft then put off from the shore, and, though followed by a volley from their pursuers, was soon safely out of range.

CHAPTER XII.—In Which the Firebrand Arrives at the Spindles.

It was with feelings of great disappointment and chagrin that Dick watched the receding shore with its array of villagers, who had arrived on the scene just a moment too late to accomplish the purpose that brought them there. He deeply regretted now that he had not retreated entirely from the churchyard with Jessie when the opportunity to do so was theirs. Dick, however, never wasted time over spilled milk. As the boat drew rapidly near to the sloop his brain was busy with ideas looking toward ultimate escape for himself and Jessie, and for the recovery of the brass-bound treasure box. The girl, who sat near the captain, looked downcast and spiritless. To her the future looked very black indeed. She knew

that she had aroused the captain's anger, and consequently she feared that he would deal very sternly with her. He was a man not easily turned from a purpose, and she feared him more than ever. In a few moments the boat touched the sloop's side. Captain Harrup first ordered the brass bound box to be lifted aboard and carried into the small cabin astern, occupied by himself and Maddocks, and in which a bandbox of a stateroom had been constructed for Jessie Brown.

Dick was next lifted out of the boat, and by the mate's orders, was carried down into the hold, where he was left among the empty mackerel kits to ruminate upon his hard luck. Jessie was marched to her room and padlocked in. She threw herself on her tiny bunk and relieved her pent-up feelings by a good cry. The sloop's mainsail and jibs were set and she was headed off-shore. The wind was light and the sea smooth, the full moon reflecting a silver pathway across the sleeping waters. Captain Harrup and his mate, who stood talking together near the wheel, recognized in the hostile attitude of the Maine folk, who had all but cut off their retreat, the fact that their rendezvous at the old church was now known, and it indicated that, for the present at least, their illicit traffic in contraband liquor had come to an end at that point on the New England coast. Neither could surmise how this discovery had been brought about.

"It couldn't have been the revenue people," remarked Maddocks, "for we had positive information that one of the officers is at Rockland, another at Rockport, and the third is over at Vine Haven."

"Well, it's clear somebody got on to our movements, suspected our business and then brought a posse of local inhabitants down on us. The revenue officers will hear all about it in a few hours, and will make it their business to block our game at this point."

"It's a good thing for us that this discovery was not made some hours sooner. We should have lost those forty kegs of brandy. That would have been a serious matter."

"It certainly would. I have Mr. Parker's \$2,400 in my pocket," said Captain Harrup, slapping his leg grimly, "so it's up to him to look out for the safety of the stuff."

"He's got half of it in his barn by this time. The other half will probably be a total loss to him."

"That isn't our funeral," laughed the skipper. "The next question is whether our rendezvous at the Spindles is suspected. If it is, the revenue people will be nosing around there a few hours hence."

"Let them nose," chuckled Maddocks. "By the time they reach the Spindles, we'll have the kits snugly stowed away in the secret cavern, and they'll find us with our lines out, as innocent a fishing smack as any on the coast between here and the Canadian border."

"That's right," grinned the skipper complacently, "we have our St. Johns papers to show that our business is that of fishermen. We're safe enough, as long as we're not caught with the goods on, and there's no fear of that at present. At this moment we haven't a gallon of spirits on board except our private jugs in the cabin."

"You forgot two things, cap'n," said Maddocks, with a grave air.

"What are they?"

"Why, the girl in the cabin and that boy in the hold. They both know the real nature of our occupation. They could tell enough to ruin us beyond redemption."

"I understand that, Maddock; but you don't suppose I'm fool enough to keep them aboard while there's a chance that we may expect a visit from our enemies? No, no, they shall be confined in our cavern at the first warning of danger. There I defy the revenue people, or any one else not in the secret, to find them."

"What do you intend to do with this boy ultimately? Not have him killed, I hope?"

"No; there is no necessity for that as long as there are other ways of silencing him for some time to come. I mean to carry him into St. Johns and there ship him aboard some foreign bound vessel. By the time he gets back to America I hope to be out of this business entirely. My share of the contents of that box in the cabin, and the results I expect to get out of my marriage with the girl, ought to place me on Easy Street for the rest of my life."

"I wish I could say as much for myself," said Maddocks, rather enviously.

An hour later the Firebrand was in the midst of the dangerous navigation of the Spindles, her nose pointed for the island. Captain Harrup stood at the wheel of the different landmarks on the island by which he assisted the skipper to work the sloop in through the tortuous and intricate channel. These two men seemed to be about the only ones to whom this perilous course was as an open book. They could take the Firebrand into the basin in most any kind of weather that was clear enough for them to see the island after they had passed through the outer line of reefs.

The hidden ledges and sunken rocks that abounded on every hand possessed no terrors for them. No one else could make the island except in a rowboat in calm weather. It took a full half hour for the sloop to run in that night, as the wind had fined down to a very light and variable breeze.

At length the vessel passed between the two tall white rocks called the Spindles, and came to anchor in the center of the basin. Captain Harrup then posted one of his men on the highest point of the bluffs to give early warning of the approach of any suspicious-looking craft, especially the revenue cutter known to be at Portland the day before. The rest of the crew were set to work getting the empty mackerel kits out of the hold and ashore, where they were quickly spirited out of sight. When the job was finished Maddocks examined the ropes that held Dick to a stanchion in the after part of the fishy-smelling hold, and being satisfied that he couldn't release himself he ordered that the hatch cover be left partly off the opening to admit plenty of air to the prisoner, who was left in the darkness to his own unpleasant reflections.

"This is fierce," mused Dick. "I wonder how I'm going to extricate myself this time? I'm afraid I shall be watched pretty closely and won't get half a chance to do anything. I feel more

sorry for Jessie than I do for myself. I'd give a whole lot to be able to help her out of her trouble, even if I didn't get off myself. She's the nicest girl I ever met, and I think as much of her as if she was my sister. It's a shame to think that she is in the power of such a man as Captain Harrup. It would give me a heap of satisfaction to put a spoke in his intentions toward her. He is a rascal, and his proper residence is the State prison."

Dick continued to think about Jessie's hard lot, and to tax his brain for some means of helping her, for some time, then the silence of the hold, and the weariness that crept over his senses, overcame him, and he dropped asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.—Shows How Joe King Took a Trip to the Spindles on His Own Account.

Joe King was an intensely disappointed boy when he saw that the smugglers had managed to escape by the skin of their teeth. He was greatly dismayed by the fact that he had seen Dick Dallas in the receding boat with the girl, Jessie, and that plainly showed that his friend had been captured by the rascals. What to do he really did not know. In company with the chagrined villagers he watched the boat row alongside of the sloop, saw some kind of a chest, which he never dreamed to be the missing brass-bound treasure box, lifted aboard, and then the smugglers and their prisoners follow. The sloop at once spread her canvas to the light breeze and sailed away. A consultation was then held by the crowd of villagers, the result of which was that the ruins of the church was investigated, and the twenty mackerel kits were discovered in the inner cellar. They looked innocent enough, for neither Joe nor the others had any suspicion that a keg of brandy was hidden in each. It was decided to notify the revenue officer at Rockland in the morning that the liquor smugglers used the old church by the seashore as a rendezvous, and probably landed contraband spirits there to be afterward taken away by shore folk interested in the traffic.

Joe did not mention his suspicions concerning Abner Parker and his son to the villagers. That information he intended to give to the officer later on with a view to the reward that was in it for him and Dick. It was not considered necessary to do anything about the kits, which from their weight were judged to be filled with fish. Besides they had no means for effecting their removal to the village. It was reasoned that they would be safe enough where they were until the revenue officer came to take possession of them in the morning, as the smugglers were not likely to return in a hurry. Some one proposed to have one of their number selected by lot to stand watch at the church for the rest of the night. The majority objected to this suggestion as unnecessary. Joe settled the question by voluntarily agreeing to stay there himself. The rest of the party being quite willing that he should if he wanted to, the posse soon afterward started back for the village leaving the boy alone. As soon as they were off Joe mounted the debris in front of the church door, and seating himself there, cast his eyes toward the offing where the white sails of the

Firebrand could still be seen as she headed for the Spindles.

"I'll bet she's makin' for that island," he said to himself. "I've a great mind to run over to the house, take our skiff, and follow her to see if she really is goin' there. If those chaps are able to wrastle with the navigation of the Spindles it's a sure sign that's their regular haunt, for I don't know of any one who ever was able to run in there in anythin' larger than a small catboat, and the weather had to be mighty calm to make the island at that. I could do it in the skiff in this breeze all right, and I've a great mind to try, provided, of course, that the sloop stops there. If she keeps on to the eastward then I'll know she's bound for some port in Canada in all probability."

It was largely Joe's anxiety about the fate of his friend Dick that induced him to consider the foregoing plan so seriously. The friendship of the two boys for each other was of the loyal order.

Either was always ready to do anything in the world in the interest of his friend, no matter what trouble or risk it entailed upon himself. The fact that there wasn't any fun in watching the old ruins also had something to do with his resolution to sail over to the Spindles on the chance of being able to help Dick out of his trouble. Having at length decided to do so he started off for his home at a rapid pace. He had hardly got out of sight before Bige Parker came driving down the beach in the farm wagon for the second time that night.

When he reached the church he took a lantern from the wagon, lighted it and entered the ruins. In a few minutes he returned with a loaded mackerel kit in his arms, which he shoved into the wagon. He made twenty trips from the wagon to the cellar and back again, at the end of which he had loaded all the remaining kits on his wagon. Then he jumped into the front seat, whipped up his team and drove off. In due time Joe reached his father's cottage, which was dark and silent at that early hour in the morning. The rudder, mast and sail of the skiff were kept in the shed, the key of which hung in a certain spot in the kitchen. Joe had no difficulty in getting them. He stepped the mast, shipped the rudder, and spread the sail to the breeze, light as it was, and started from the little landing-place for the Spindles.

The skiff was a swift sailer in such a breeze, skimming the water like a sea-bird. In half an hour Joe had sighted the Firebrand again, headed direct for the island that lay a mile distant from her. The skiff, which was such a small object on the ocean that no one aboard of the smuggling sloop observed her approach, rapidly overhauled the object of pursuit. The boy soon saw that the Firebrand was being guided through the reefs that formed a cordon around the island. That settled the question of her destination in his mind. He then hauled his wind and pointed the skiff for the opposite end of the Spindles. Not long after the sloop had anchored in the basin, Joe beached his tiny craft in the shallow cove under the line of tall bluffs. Then, with all due caution, he started to walk along the narrow line of beach at the foot of the bluffs toward the spindle-shaped rocks that stood like a couple of stiff-backed sentries on guard at the entrance

of the narrow strait leading to the little harbor inside.

At length Joe reached and passed the spindle rocks and began to approach the basin where he expected to find the sloop. The moon being now low in the western sky the bluffs on that side of the channel threw a broad shadow that covered the boy's advance from chance observation. When he came to the turn that gave him a full view of the basin he found the smugglers taking the last load of empty kits ashore.

Crouching down in the shadow of a good-sized rock the boy watched what was going on with some interest. He saw the bearded skipper walking up and down the sloop's deck, smoking a cigar, and occasionally watching his men haul the kits out of the boat, along the beach and into some crevice or opening in the rocks beyond. Captain Harrup was soon joined by his mate, and the two men paced the deck together until the sailors returned to the sloop and one by one disappeared into the forecabin to turn in for much needed rest. At last the captain and mate went below and the deck was deserted. Joe sat there and wondered what he would do next. Dick was no doubt confined somewhere aboard the vessel, and the sturdy young fisherman judged that her hold was the most probable place where he was secured.

CHAPTER XIV.—In Which Dick Proposes an Audacious Project.

In the meanwhile Dick Dallas, triced up to the stanchion in the hold almost like a dead pig to a post, was sleeping the uneasy sleep of one whose position was an uncomfortable one. Suddenly he was aroused to consciousness by the flash of a light before his eyes. He blinked stupidly for a moment, like one whose senses are a bit confused, and then to his utter astonishment recognized the face and figure of his friend, Joe King, in the last expiring flash of the match the young fisherman held in his fingers.

"Joe!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Is it really you?"

"Hush, not so loud!" came his friend's voice out of the darkness.

"This is the greatest surprise, and the most welcome one, of my life," said Dick, as he felt the strands dropping away from his arms.

"There you are, free at last," said Joe, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Now," continued Dick, "tell me how you come to be here at the Spindles, for that is where I suppose the sloop is anchored."

"Yes, this is the Spindles all right," replied Joe.

Then he rapidly sketched his movements from the moment the smugglers eluded the crowd of villagers at the beach until he let himself down into the hold of the vessel on his hunt for his chum.

"Well, you're a peach, Joe," said Dick, enthusiastically. "I hardly thought you had so much enterprise in you."

"Forget it, Dick, and let's get back to the main shore as soon as we can."

"I can't go without making an effort to rescue Jessie Brown," replied Dick.

"I'm afraid you're thinkin' of bitin' off more than you can chew. Where is she at this moment? In the cabin, probably. So is the skipper and his mate, too. How do you expect to get her out of the cabin without arousin' them? If they catch on to the fact that you're free and I'm with you, our cake will be all dough."

Dick admitted that his companion's advice was good. It did look like a forlorn chance to attempt the rescue of Jessie Brown under the circumstances.

"There's another thing I'd like to get around," said Dick.

"What's that?"

"That brass-bound treasure box."

"Why, what are you talkin' about?" asked Joe, who had forgotten about the chest that his chum had dug up the previous afternoon.

"I'm talking about the box I dug up in my half-acre plot yesterday."

"What about it?"

"It's aboard this sloop."

"It's what?" almost gasped Joe.

"Aboard this sloop," repeated Dick.

"Go on, you're joking."

"No, I'm not. Captain Harrup got possession of it in some mysterious way, for I saw it in the cellar under the church while I was there."

"You did. It's funny how he could have got hold of it. So you were in the cellar under the church? Did they catch you outside and fetch you in there?"

"No. I got in myself after you left me. I entered the upper part of the church through one of the window openings. Then I discovered a movable slab in the floor, near where the pulpit used to be, that let me down into the vaults, whence I made my way into the cellar where the mackerel kits were stowed by making a hole in the wall."

Dick then related to Joe how he hid under the sailcloth which covered the brass-bound treasure box and listened to the conversation between Captain Harrup, his mate and Mr. Parker; and how during a subsequent interview between the skipper and Jessie he had accidentally sneezed and thus called attention to his presence in the place. He told Joe how he had been tied up to a post in the cellar; how Jessie had released him; how they had made their escape from the church, and how they had been recaptured just before help appeared on the scene.

"Gee! You had quite a strenuous time of it, didn't you?" said Joe, when he concluded his story. "Now if you don't want to have any more of the same kind you'd better take my advice and leave this craft as quietly as you can with me. Never mind the brass-bound box or the girl either for the present. We'll recover and rescue the other later on under more favorable circumstances."

Dick with some reluctance fell in with his companion's views. Joe led the way on deck up a short ladder that was nailed to the under framework of the hatch. As they stood for a minute on the deck in a listening attitude there was not a sound to be heard fore or aft. Then it was that a daring idea rushed into Dick's mind. Its very audacity appealed to his courageous nature, while it almost took his breath away as the thought formed itself in his mind.

"Have you got backbone enough to help me capture this sloop?" asked Dick.

"My gracious! You don't think of attempting that, do you?"

"Why not? Just think what a feather it would be in our hats if we captured this vessel, just you and I."

"I wish we could," replied Joe, beginning to warm up to the somewhat doubtful proposition. "We might be able to secure the crew, as you say. That looks easy, but how about the skipper and the mate? They're a whole lot, and don't you forget it. You know the cap'n has a revolver, for you told me that he covered you with it in the cellar. The mate probably has a gun, too. It's too large a contract for us to undertake, old man."

"I'm ready to chance it," urged Dick, who, now that he was free again, was feeling as bold as a young lion. "Are you with me in this?"

"I am if you're determined to do it," answered Joe, sturdily.

"All right. The first thing we'll do is to secure the crew in the forecastle."

The two boys at once started to put their hazardous scheme into execution.

CHAPTER XV.—Shows How Dick and Joe Took Possession of the Sloop.

There was an iron ring, to which a stout rope was attached, on the side which fitted the opening into the forecastle, and there was another ring imbedded in the deck to which the end of the aforesaid rope could be secured when it was necessary to keep the slide shut in dirty weather. The boys cautiously pulled the slide shut and tied the rope to the deck ring.

"That settles the men," said Dick, triumphantly.

Dick vanished into the cabin and Joe awaited the issue with the deepest anxiety. Any moment he expected to hear the sounds of a scuffle, and he grasped a heavy billet of wood he held in his hands all the tighter, ready at the first alarm to rush down to Dick's assistance. His chum remained below what seemed to be an almost endless interval. At last he reappeared and he held two revolvers in his hands.

"I've drawn their stings," he said, in great glee, as he handed one of the weapons to Joe. "I think we're masters of the situation now," he added.

"To a large extent, yes," admitted his chum. "I'd be surer of it if we had been bound hand and foot. I'm afraid we'll have to do some shoot-in' before we can entirely subdue the skipper and the mate. They both look like hard nuts to crack."

"They are for fair; but we're the boys that will crack them all right."

"I hope so," replied Joe.

"We'll have them fast enough by closing the cabin slide, see?" said Dick, suiting the action to the word by drawing the small hatch over the entrance to the cabin, and securing it in much the same way they had treated the forecastle slide.

"There, how are they going to get out?"

Joe chuckled with satisfaction.

"We have captured the sloop for a fact," he said. "If we only could slip her anchor, raise her mainsail and sail out of here, the game would soon be brought to a conclusion."

To do that was clearly out of the question, so the boy did not try to put such a thing into execution.

"What next?" asked Joe. "Do you think it would do for me to sail over to the main shore, send word of the state of affairs to the revenue officer at Rockland, and then get the old man and somebody else to come back with me in the skiff to make sure of these chaps?"

"I guess you'll have to," replied Dick, after a moment's thought.

"Do you think that with both revolvers you can prevent these rascals from breaking out after they wake up and find they're cooped up?"

"I think I can."

"I'm thinkin' you're goin' to have a strenuous time of it, old man," answered Joe, handing him the revolver. "I'll get back as soon as I can, you can depend on that. I wouldn't leave you only I don't see any other course to take."

"Neither do I," replied Dick.

So Joe took the boat in which he had rowed from the beach to the sloop and rowed out through the channel, and around close to the bluffs till he came to where his skiff lay tied to a rock in the little cove. Boarding her, he spread the sail, and started for the distant coast of Maine.

And while he went on his way, Dick sat on the combing of the hatch and wondered when the fun would begin. There was one fact the boys were ignorant of which was that one member of the crew was at liberty and not under hatches. He was doing a four-hour spell of lookout duty on the highest point of the bluffs.

He expected to be relieved at sunrise, or about five o'clock. However, there was little danger of him interfering with Dick, for Joe had taken the only boat by which he could reach the sloop from the beach of the basin. An hour passed slowly away. Dick imagined that two hours must have elapsed, for the hour before dawn is commonly considered the darkest and gloomiest of the twenty-four. Then the sky in the east began to lighten up, and soon there was abundant evidence that a new day was breaking. It was about this time that Dick heard a noise in the cabin.

"There'll soon be something doing," he breathed, putting himself in shape for immediate action.

There was a floundering and heavy step on the brass-bound stairs of the cabin entrance, and then he heard someone fumbling around the inside of the slide, and he fancied he heard several smothered imprecations. This lasted but a few seconds and was succeeded by a pounding on the slide.

"Matters are beginning to get lively," thought Dick, holding a cocked revolver ready in each hand. "I'm afraid somebody is going to get hurt pretty soon if either of those hatch covers give way."

Some tremendous thumps were now heard on the cabin slide, and the boy expected to see it fly into pieces at any moment. It didn't however. The banging on the forecastle hatch grew louder

and most insistent. Dick was standing in a position that covered both points of danger, and he was thrilling with the excitement of the moment. The sun now burst above the horizon. Dick could not see it as the sloop was hemmed in by the bluffs that surrounded the little basin, but its light was apparent in the eastern sky. Suddenly there was a crash. Captain Harrup had got hold of some implement in the cabin and had demolished half of the cabin slide. Then Dick got busy, for the skipper and his mate were certain to be on deck in a minute unless he called a halt. Springing forward the boy presented the revolver in the astonished captain's face.

"If you make another effort to get out I'll shoot," he said in a resolute tone.

At that moment Dick was startled to hear a hail from shore.

CHAPTER XVI.—In Which the Curtain Falls.

Dick glanced over at the beach and saw a man, evidently a member of the Firebrand's crew, shouting and gesticulating. This was a surprise to the boy, but he paid no attention to the fellow. He had all he could do to handle Captain Harrup and his mate. The skipper and Maddocks held a consultation. Evidently they did not believe that Dick was the sole master of the situation. How could he be when Maddocks had left him so securely tied in the hold? Clearly the sloop must have been visited by others, in spite of the lookout on the bluff, the boy released, and the sloop taken possession of. But where were these others? Captain Harrup and his mate could see only Dick and his threatening revolvers. The sight wasn't pleasant even to their hardened nerves. Lead travels quick and is not easy to dodge, and Dick certainly looked as if he would shoot on very slight provocation. How long the boy could have held the situation in hand it is impossible to say, but fortunately abundant help was at hand. Joe when near the shore had met the U. S. Revenue Cutter Frolic, bound east. He had hailed her, was permitted to board after giving the officer of the deck some idea of the state of affairs, and was taken before the lieutenant in command. The result of the interview was that the cutter was headed for the Spindles. She hove to near the outer line of reefs and two boats with their crews piped away for duty against the smugglers.

With Joe in the leading boat they made for the Spindle rocks, and shot into the basin at the moment when the smugglers in the fore-castle succeeded in forcing the hatch and were springing out on deck. The game, however, was now up for them. They were all taken prisoners, and Captain Harrup and his mate received little more consideration than the others. Dick's first act after the skipper and Maddocks were removed from the cabin was to release Jessie Brown from her stateroom and inform her that her captivity was at an end. He then walked up to Captain Harrup, and thrusting his hand into the skipper's inner pocket pulled out the long red pocketbook which the captain had told Jessie in the cellar, in Dick's hearing, contained the evidences of the truth of his story about her parents.

The brass-bound treasure-box was claimed by Dick as his own property, and it was placed in one of the boats to be adjudicated upon by the commander of the cutter. The cutter Frolic then headed for Rockland. During the trip Dick established his claim to the ownership of the brass-bound box, and he was permitted to carry it away when the cutter anchored in Rockland. The evidence given by Dick and Jessie to the lieutenant in command of the government vessel was sufficient to warrant the detention for trial of the captain and crew of the Firebrand, as well as to insure the immediate arrest of Abner Parker and his son Bige, who were soon lodged in the county jail. The forty mackerel kits were found in the Parker barn, and forty kegs of fine French brandy were found inside of them.

As Jessie had no home to go to, Dick guaranteed her appearance as a witness when wanted, and took her with him to the Richardson farm, where she was mostly kindly received by Mrs. Richardson and her husband as soon as Dick had explained her circumstances. Next morning Dick broke open the brass-bound box in Joe's presence, and found, as they both fully expected, that it was filled with gold coins of five, ten and twenty dollar denominations. It totaled up twenty-five thousand dollars, and of this Dick handed Joe one thousand dollars, which more than satisfied the young fisherman, who also looked forward to receiving five hundred dollars of the fifteen hundred dollars reward for the conviction of the liquor smugglers.

Captain Harrup, his men, Abner Parker and his son Bige were duly tried and convicted of breaking the revenue law of the United States, as well as the excise law of the State of Maine. On these two counts they received heavy sentences, and as soon as they were sent to prison Dick and Joe received the rewards they had fairly won. All that now remained for Dick to do was to take Jessie Brown to the home of her parents in Boston.

The documents, consisting chiefly of newspaper clippings cut from papers printed at the time of Jessie's kidnapping, showed that the girl was the daughter of the Hon. George Butterworth, member of Congress at that time from the — District of the State of Massachusetts, and that her home was at No. — Commonwealth avenue, in the city of Boston. Jessie, through the efforts of Dick Dallas, was restored to her parents, and the one great sorrow of her own life, as well as that of her father and mother, was wiped away forever.

Dick became, in time, a constant visitor at the Butterworth home, and when Jessie graduated from a fashionable college, at twenty, she and Dick became engaged. Their wedding day came six months later in the Commonwealth Avenue mansion, and on the same day, down in the village of Quibasset, Maine, another wedding was also celebrated which made Joe King and Polly Pritchard one for life. When Dick returned from his wedding trip it was to fill a higher and more responsible position in the Butterworth bank.

Next week's issue will contain "MONEY TO BURN; or, THE SHREWDEST BOY IN WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

HORSE, BUGGY, HARNESS, ALL SOLD FOR \$4.50.

Proof that the faithful old horse has served his day of usefulness was given at the sheriff's sale of W. O. Webber, former proprietor of the Maryland Paper Mill, near Bentley Springs, Pa., when a complete driving outfit was sold for \$4.50.

The horse itself was sold for \$1, the buggy for \$3 and the harness for 50 cents.

GIRL FINDS \$510 IN GOLD.

Little Maxine Mudgett, playing in the barnyard of her father's ranch near Marspos, Cal., found a gold nugget valued at \$510 and weighing twenty-eight ounces. The little girl made the discovery while playing at a spot where water had washed away considerable earth. This is the largest nugget brought to light in Mariposa County in many years.

CHLOROFORMED COW

The Smithsonian Institute has been presented a chloroformed cow, the mortal remains of Sophie IX, the greatest butter fat producing Jersey cow the world has ever known. Mrs. C. I. Hood of

Lowell owned Sophie. Sentiment prevented Sophie's sale at auction when the herd of which she was a part was dispersed a year ago. She was donated to the Department of Agriculture and was under their care until they had her killed.

COINS THROWN IN GRAVE

Mrs. Frances Lucas, sixty-seven, one of the tribe of Roumanian gypsies encamped on Maurice avenue, between Maspeth and Winfield, Queens, N. Y., was buried in Mount Olivet cemetery with the rites of the Green Church.

The ceremony was unusual. The undertaker, Hugh P. Ruane of Maspeth, was paid in advance in \$20 gold pieces. The superintendent of the cemetery was asked for the finest grave site available, regardless of cost, and his charges also were paid with \$20 gold pieces. According to the gypsy superstition charges for funeral services must be paid only in gold and in advance.

When the coffin was lowered a bottle of wine was broken over it and handfuls of silver coins were cast into the grave. The pallbearers lifted their hands and threw their white gloves on the coin.

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Rob and the Reporters

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XV.

Sent On Secret Service.

"By gracious, if they don't turn on the grub soon I don't know what I shall do," groaned Brown. "I could turn cannibal and take a bite out of you, I'm so hungry, Rob."

"Here comes his nibs at last," replied Rob, seeing Lieutenant Totten approaching.

"Well, boys, you are summons," said the lieutenant. "Follow me."

"What about grub?" inquired Brown. "Any chance to buy a supper? We haven't either of us tasted food since yesterday noon."

"Why didn't you say so when you met me? I had a supply. Yes, I can put you next to the sutler when we are through, and will. Remind me."

"You bet I'll remind yau," laughed Brown, and they were led to a large tent where they found themselves in the presence of that staunch old hero of the Boer War, General Taylor.

He greeted Brown familiarly and shook hands with them both.

Rob then delivered his dispatches and Lieutenant Totten withdrawing, they were left alone with the general, who read them through without comment.

"These are all right," he then said, "but frankly, Mr. Randall, I cannot make an exception in your case. The fiat has gone forth. No air correspondents at the front. It is not my doings. Nevertheless, it has my approval. By a common understanding it is so with all the armies. Brown, I understand you also have something for me. Out with it."

"Do you know a Captain Steinmeyer?" asked Brown, looking mysterious.

"Hush! Speak low," replied the general. "What of him?"

"He is dead."

"Dead! A thousands pities. He was an Alsatian whom we found it convenient to use—you understand. When and how did he die?"

"He was wounded in the engagement west of Ghent yesterday. He practically died in my arms."

"And his papers?"

"I have them, Gneral."

"Thank goodness! Give them to me. If there was anything which could make me reward you with your wish it is this."

Brown handed over the papers taken from the dead spy.

General Taylor ran them over hastily, his face expressing the deepest satisfaction.

"Poor fellow! They have cost him his life," he sighed, "but we are very fortunate in recovering them."

"Surely he never wrote them," Brown ventured to remark.

"Certainly not. These documents were drawn up at Berlin. You have read them?"

"I have."

"I regret it, but it cannot be helped. I shall not swear you to secrecy, Brown. It should be enough to say that I expect it."

"Upon my honor as an Englishman, sirr."

"And you, young man?" continued the general, turning to Rob.

"I do no tread nor speak German, sir, but Mr. Brown has told me about the paupers. You can equally rely upon my secrecy."

"It is well. Your letter of introduction states that you are an expert wireless operator. If you wish I could get you a position, but if you don't understand German——"

"Nor French, sir. But it makes no difference. I have learned to take French and German letter for letter."

"So? Would you like a position?"

"Well, sir, that depends."

"On what?"

"I consider it my duty to keep as near the seat of war as possible."

"We will consider it later. You may remain in camp for to-night, gentlemen, but it will be necessary for you to retire. You are now dismissed."

They found Lieutenant Totten waiting outside. "Now look here," he said. "We airmen mess together. I have spoken with the others. You are welcome to dine with us this evening. They are now holding back dinner on your account."

Of course the invitation was gratefully accepted.

The dinner proved an excellent one, but in spite of his hunger Rob found himself most interested in the talk which went the rounds, and by the time he was through he felt that he had learned a lot about airships.

That night they slept in the tent in which they had waited.

It was breakfast with the airman next morning. Totten came a little late and when he had taken his place he turned to Brown and said:

"I have inquired about your missing friends as promised. They ran to Donay, where their car was commandeered. They were not arrested as far as I can learn."

"But we had a special permit to run that car from the Belgian government!" cried Brown.

"Then I cannot understand why it was not respected," replied the lieutenant. "I have yet to hear of a similar case."

"Who had the permit?" demanded Rob.

Brown gave an exclamation and looked foolish. "Somebody ought to kick me," he cried. "I've got it in my pocket."

"Then there you are," said Totten. "You mustn't forget that these are war times. By the way, Brown, the general wants to see you alone directly after breakfast. There will be no battle to-day unless the Germans break the truce, which isn't likely."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

WOODEN SEWING MACHINE

A sewing machine made entirely of wood, except a few screws and the needle, is owned by P. A. Coney of Deering Center, Maine. Although the wooden bobbins, wooden wheel, wooden head and wooden machinery are more than half a century old, all are in good working condition. The machine was made sixty-three years ago by Mr. Coney's grandfather, Philip A. Faust of Danville, Pa. This is believed to be the only wooden sewing machine ever made.

LUMINOUS ORE BARED BY MISHAP AT MINE

The fact that the oil-burning lamp of Oliver Frantz and the Strong brothers became extinguished on account of lack of oil may lead to a startling discovery. The men, on a recent night, were examining some ore dug from their mine. The lamp went out, and in the darkness some of the dust from the specimens dropped on the hot stove.

Immediately the room was made as light as day, caused from the flare from the mineral, which is believed to be a radium-bearing ore. Government authorities were immediately notified and the shaft closed until an investigation is made.

The mine is on Storm peak, twenty-two miles from Loveland, Colo., and four miles from the main Loveland-Estes Park road. It can be reached by horseback from the Half Way place. The shaft is 40 feet deep and the ore mined is a mixture of pitchblende, fluorspar and carnite.

The owners estimate that it will be two weeks before they can reach the main vein of the ore. If the ore is radium bearing it may explain in a measure the reason for the terrific electric storms that prevail in that district and which have led to the naming of that peak Storm Peak, due to the affinity of the electricity in the air for the radium.

THE GLASS SNAKE

Nature provides marvelous means of protection. Some animals can't move swiftly, but they can hide beneath a hard shell that keeps them from hurt or harm. Others move so fast that the swiftness of their going is protection enough. Others are so unobtrusive by means of the coloring that little other guard from death is needed.

The glass snake is, like other misnamed creatures, really a lizard. It looks like a snake and probably feels like a snake, but wise men and scientists insist it is a lizard.

But this little creature on whose door plate might be written, *Squamata lacertilia anguidae ophisaurus ventralis* and which we shall call "glass snake" for short is the most agile of Nature's agile citizens.

It not only can make a quick getaway, but if the enemy should be clever enough to hold the

tail of the glass snake for an instant, then it will snap off its tail and go on its way rejoicing, and not at all disturbed by the loss. And the reason the glass snake behaves in this way is because it can without trouble or pain grow a new tail that will serve just as well as the tail with which it first came into the world.

Sometimes the glass snake is known as the joint snake, but it must be remembered it is all the while a lizard. It is not strange, however, that it should be thought a snake for it has no external limbs. Sometimes it is as long as two feet. Its color is green or brown above, yellow on the sides, and is streaked with narrow black stripes.

These creatures are covered with scales; on the back are fourteen rows; on the belly are ten rows.

The reason that the tail is so easily snapped off and replaced is because it is brittle, and the vertebrae that compose it are loosely united. The muscles are arranged along the tail in such a way that sections of this tail will break off at the slightest blow.

Glass snakes are not inhabitants of far jungles or Oriental unknown lands. They are common to the United States, particularly in the Central States from Wisconsin to Kansas and southward. Their food is insects; their homes are in burrows in dry ground.

Remarkable as is the characteristic of the joint or glass snake, it is not confined to this creature alone. The glow-worm, the sphendon and many other lizards have the same peculiar power.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

INDOOR AERIAL BEST

The loop type of an aerial is not efficient unless you use a receiver with either radio or audio frequency amplification—preferably both. A short indoor aerial will pick up a great deal more energy than a loop aerial and will be best to use with a one or two-tube set.

IMPROVING THE TONE

The audiometer is a variable high resistance having a minimum value of about 10,000 ohms and a maximum resistance of 120,000 ohms. It has been designed to improve tone quality by placing the device across the secondary of the audio frequency transformer.

FINE CONTROL

A variable grid condenser and variable condenser across the phones makes possible a finer control of regeneration, and this results in increased volume. The variable grid leak allows adjustment of the grid voltage of the detector to the point most satisfactory for efficient operation.

ANTENNA PLUGS

An indoor antenna will not produce the same results as an outdoor wire. The antenna plug's success depends upon local conditions, such as the way the electric wires are strung. Wires shielded by metal conduit do not give as good results as open wires. If the building in which the plug is used is of steel construction or if it is surrounded by steel structures the results will not be satisfactory. Tests indicate that antenna plugs operate most successfully on the second and third floors of apartments.

DON'T SOLDER TO SCREW HEADS

It is surprising how many radio set builders make the great mistake of soldering the various wires to the heads of screws. The majority will say that this is all right, providing the heads of all screws are carefully sandpapered before attempting to solder a wire to them. If you are desirous of saving yourself a lot of unnecessary work and trouble don't make connections in that way. In most cases the wires loosen quickly. If you want to make a neat job of the set you are building use small "tinned lugs," which may be purchased at any radio store.

PROPER SIZES OF WIRE

Many people ask, "What is the correct size wire for radio work?" This is the answer: No. 4 copper or copper clad for the aerial and ground connections and No. 24 D. C. C. for coils and couplers. No. 16 is a safe size to carry the filament current, although a heavier wire will be better when using more than one tube. If distributed capacity is to be kept low for efficiency in operation, double cotton covered wire is desirable, then single silk covered or enameled covered wire may be used, with a slight loss in efficiency.

BUY GOOD SOCKETS

It doesn't pay to buy the cheapest socket in the store. If you anticipate making a good receiving outfit purchase only a reliable and well-constructed tube socket, as this item can cause much annoyance. The contact pieces on a cheap socket will bend out of shape, or break. A poor connection on the audion prongs can give a surprising amount of trouble. Don't attempt to force a bulb into a socket that is too small. If the tube refuses to go in easily, then rest assured that it is too large for the socket. This trouble can be remedied by simply "scraping" out the inside of the socket until enough substance has been removed to enable the bulb to drop in easily.

SUPER AND NEUTRO

The main fault of the super-heterodyne is to get one to operate as well as it is claimed to operate. The number of tubes, the parts and the battery drain are all drawbacks, and the big problem of getting parts that will operate efficiently goes a long way in making the set unpopular. Unless the transformers are wound at home and tested with a wavemeter to make them all alike, and unless it is built with each stage shielded from the others, then the neutrodyne is the better; also consumes a lot of B battery current.

The advantages of the super are the two tuning controls, the loop aerial, the fairly accurate calibration of dials, providing the batteries are kept up, and the fact that when a distant station is tuned it comes in usually loud enough to enjoy.

The faults of a neutrodyne are that a set is liable to become deneutralized, with a consequent distortion of signals and difficulty of tuning; they must be operated on an aerial and consume a lot of B battery current.

The advantages of the neutrodyne are the ease of tuning, selectivity and volume. It is easier to construct than the super, providing the parts used are of good manufacture and instructions used followed to the letter.

EASY WAY TO BEND BUS WIRES

The use of bus bar wiring in receiving sets is becoming to be the established method. A great many fans find it rather difficult to make a neat job of it due to the lack of tools to work with, or due to a lack of knowledge of how to bend the wires.

Two or three different types of pliers are necessary to make a good job of wiring in the usual way. A round nosed pair are usually used for bending loops or angles in the wires. Where a round nosed pair of pliers are not available for this work, and a square nosed pair are used, you will find difficulty in making a neat job.

When you bend a wire with a square nosed instrument the wire is sharply bent. If a mistake has been made and you attempt to straighten out the wire you will find that it has been fractured

and it will break at the point where it was bent. If a round nosed set of pliers is not available you may construct a tool for this work very easily. Drive two ten penny nails in a board, placing them just far enough apart to permit the wire to be slipped in between them. Remove the heads of the nails. To make a bend in the wire simply insert the wire between the nails and bend it around one of the nails. This will make a neat loop in the end of the wire.

OPERATE TUBES VERTICALLY

The way in which vacuum tubes are mounted in a receiving set is usually not seriously considered by most set builders. Sometimes the tubes are mounted on the front of the panel so that they protrude horizontally, sometimes they are mounted on the back of the panel, and the usual method is to screw the sockets down on the baseboard back of the panel.

When the filament is heated, it expands somewhat and a sag takes place. This is the important thing to consider when you are mounting your tubes. If the tube is mounted in a vertical position, either in an upright or hanging position, the sag will not change the distance between the filament and the grid perceptibly.

If the tube is mounted in a horizontal position, however, the sag of the filament will change the distance between the filament and the grid and accordingly change the action of the tube somewhat.

When the filament cools it should return to its original shape. This it will do if the filament is in a vertical position. If it is in a horizontal position part of the sag will still remain, to be still increased the next time the filament is heated.

If the heated filament comes in contact with grid or plate of the tube it will either cause it to burn out, or to become useless for radio work. The clearance between the filament and the grid of many types of tubes is very small at best, so that a very small change in the position of the filament will bring them very close together.

Mount your tubes so that the filaments will be in a vertical position.

TRANSFORMER CONNECTIONS

The proper method of connecting transformers in a receiving circuit seems to puzzle many fans, though it should be a fairly easy task. There are a good many hookups of circuits, all differing in some detail or other, but the method of connecting an audio frequency transformer in an amplifier is the same for practically each and every circuit.

The primary connections of audio transformers are marked "P" and "B." Sometimes the "B" connection is designated with a plus sign only. "The "P" connection should always be connected to the plate of the previous tube, the "B" connection going to the B battery tap of the correct voltage of the preceding tube.

In the case of the first stage of audio frequency the "P" connection does not always run from the plate of the tube to the transformer direct, but may go through an inductance such as a tickler coil or a plate variometer, to secure regeneration.

If jacks are used for the different stages then the transformer terminals are wired to the inside connections of the jack. The plate of the preceding tube is then wired to the connection on the jack that will make a connection on the inside spring of the jack that has been wired to the socket terminal "P." In the same manner the "B" battery positive connection is wired to the terminal that will make a connection with the plus terminal of the transformer when the plug is out of the jack.

The secondary of the transformer is marked "G" and "Fil" or "A." The "G" connection is always connected to the grid terminal of the amplifying tube. The "Fil" or "A" terminal should always be wired to the negative "A" battery. It should never be connected to the positive side of the battery line, as this will place a positive potential on the grid and greatly interfere with the amplification of the tube.

TO BUILD A WAVE TRAP

A wave trap can be made from an ordinary variable condenser and a coil of wire. The latter can consist merely of fifty-five or sixty turns of No. 18 or 20, single cotton covered wire on a three-inch card-board tube. It is shunted by a 23 plate condenser and connected to the receiving set. A single pole switch is also connected between the upper and lower ends of the combination to cut the trap out of the circuit if desired.

In tuning the set the switch is first closed and the dials manipulated in the usual manner. If one station is selected and another interferes with it the switch is opened and the variable condenser of the trap adjusted. If everything is favorable it will be found that at one certain position of the condenser the interfering station will be entirely eliminated without causing the loss of the desired broadcasting.

If the trap does not seem to be effective do not discard it after only one trial. Keep it near the set for a few nights and perhaps some trick in balancing the trap against the receiver will be learned which will help in obtaining the necessary selectivity.

If all experiments fail a more complicated type of trap should be tried. The single coil already on hand can be taken and covered with a layer of clean paper. Over it are then wound seven turns of the same size wire in the same direction as the first winding. The condenser connections are not changed, but one end of the new seven-turn coil is led to the aerial and the other to the aerial post on the receiving panel. The same single pole switch can be used across the coil.

The tuning operation is then commenced with the switch closed, and the aforementioned process repeated. This coupled style of wave trap is usually a great deal more effective than the direct coupled one. If there is only one local station which is bothersome, the trap condenser can be set at the best position, as found by trial, and left there. Of course, in tuning for distance, it certainly would do no harm to play with this dial as well as those on the set proper. It will be found to be quite useful.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1924

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FROM ALL POINTS

GETS 528-POUND SWORDFISH

H. J. Mallen, Los Angeles business man, caught a 528-pound swordfish off Santa Catalina Island. It is said to be the largest of its kind ever captured with a rod and line.

The swordfish was 12 feet 6 inches long and 4 feet 10 inches in girth. His sword was 48 inches long. The fish knocked in the side of the boat and disabled the propeller in his final lunge.

ANTELOPES FACE EXTINCTION

Antelopes, the graceful, shy little animals whose tender flesh used to delight the early settlers of the prairies and large herds of which once grazed on the site of Saskatoon, Sask., are doomed to early extinction, in the opinion of Fred Bradshaw, chief game guardian for Saskatchewan. He states in his annual report that only 250 head are left.

17-YEAR-OLD LOAN OF \$200 IS REPAYED

A. W. Swanson, probation officer, El Centro, Cal., loaned a poverty-stricken farmer \$200 seventeen years ago. At that time he ran a weekly newspaper in a small Wisconsin town.

Recently Swanson received a check for the full amount with a letter of thanks from the farmer, who wrote he is enjoying prosperous days.

When the loan was made the farmer was subject to a mortgage on his home which would have been foreclosed if Swanson had not helped him.

"My faith in the honesty of the human race is fortified by this check," the probation officer said.

BRUISED BODY OF RECLUSE FOUND

Lying on the floor of a dingy room, with unpainted walls and cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, the body of William Alexander Malsberger, sixty-seven years old, was found in his home at 715 Robinson avenue, Atlantic City. In another room, in a dusty drawer, the police found a deed for five properties in Atlantic City valued at more than \$100,000, part of a fortune the man is said to have had.

Malsberger's body was only partly clothed and bore cuts and bruises which, police believe, he

suffered in a struggle with robbers. Physicians who examined him said these wounds were not sufficient to have caused death, and that the recluse probably died of heart disease after fighting the intruders. Joseph Sharpe, a bricklayer of Bargaintown, who found the body, said he saw no one else about the house.

The man went to Atlantic City from Reading, Pa., about fifteen years ago, after the death of his wife. He lived entirely alone and never had anything to do with his neighbors. He made no pretense of keeping his house or himself clean, the police said, and was seen away from the building only on rare times when he went to a grocery for food.

Sharpe said he was passing the house on his way to work. He noticed the door was open and looking in found the body of the old man on the floor.

LAUGHS

"Do you believe in long engagements?" "Yes, I believe a couple should make their happiness last just as long as possible."

"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

"You are charged with blocking traffic." "Well, your honor, the officer waved to come ahead, but the semaphore said stop. I was in a quandary—" "Now, don't try to blame it on the make of car."

Walter—Mr. Smith's left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose. Robinson—I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.

"My daughter practices five hours a day," said Mr. Cumrox. "Surely she will become a great artist." "I hope so. Anyway, I hope she'll soon get far enough along to join a musical union and strike for shorter hours."

A little boy was reproved by his mother for wasting bread. "You should never throw away bread," she said; "you may want it some day." "Well," said Johnny, "would I have any better chance of getting it then if I were to eat it now?"

Elizabeth, aged 5, was visiting her uncle in the country. "Just think, dear," he said to her, "God made all those beautiful mountains. Isn't it wonderful?" "So could I if I had the dirt," said Elizabeth.

Husband: "I'm tired of this eternal nagging. I wish you would let me alone. Thank the Lord there are no marriages in heaven!" Wife: "Well, there's a good reason. There aren't any men there."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

FOSSILIZED TEETH 9 FEET LONG

What is believed to be an important discovery of antediluvian remains has been made at Casamari, near Arpino, Central Italy, where fossilized teeth of immense size have been brought to light. Some of these teeth are about nine feet long and about four feet in diameter, and experts who have examined them believe they belong to an antediluvian mastodon or mammoth. The largest tooth weighs 400 pounds.

The discovery was made by the Rev. Mr. Fusciarli, prior of the Abbey of Casamari.

VIPER'S POISON IN BEER KILLS TWO MEN IN CAFE

Martin Romler, barkeeper in a local cafe, Budapest, Hungary, and one of his customers drank a glass of beer each from a freshly-tapped keg and a few seconds later both dropped to the floor dead. When the keg was broken open the body of a viper was revealed. The snake is assumed to have crawled through the bung-hole before the keg was filled at the brewery, discharging its poisonous fluid into the beer during the struggles against drowning.

GERMAN FARMER QUILTS CROPS TO RAISE FISH AND FOXES

The crops of E. Ziemsen, an extensive land owner near Ludwigslust, Germany, did not pay very well last year, so Ziemsen flooded the fields in the fall and this year has been raising fish and doing so well financially that he is planning to extend his home-made lakes.

Ziemsen has about 1,000 lowland acres under water. German carp have done particularly well in the flooded fields, and this year Ziemsen expects to gather about 80 tons of fish.

On some of the higher ground of his estate Ziemsen has a large tract devoted to the raising of the blue fox.

EX-HANGMAN FOUND SHOT

John Ellis, England's famous hangman, who lost his nerve and relinquished his sinister occupation last year after executing Mrs. Edith Thompson, the last woman who suffered the death penalty in Great Britain, was found at his home seriously wounded, with a pistol lying beside him. It was said that he had passed a sleepless night prior to the shooting.

Ellis, who isolated himself socially during nearly a quarter of a century in which he served as public executioner, was reported to have brooded over the fact that he had sent to their doom more condemned murderers than any other man who had ever held the hangman's office. After the execution of Mrs. Thompson he decided that he would never ascend the gallows again.

BAN ON CHEEK-TO-CHEEK DANCING

Refinement of ballroom dancing is the chief aim of the five-day convention of the American Society of Teachers of Dancing, held in Chicago. So that all cheek-to-cheek, shivering and wab-

bly forms of dancing will be put under the ban, the waltz and other refined steps will be taken up, according to Louis Chalif, president of the society.

"Modern dancing is killing," he said. "Instead of exercising the body and making it healthful it is twisting bodies out of shape and displacing their internal organs. It is wrecking nervous systems. Fashionable dancers are through with the modern dances. They have gone in for the foxtrot tango and the French tango."

While banning so-called jazz dancing, syncopated music will stay and aid in the reform of dancing, he said, adding that the young dancers have become too lazy to organize new and graceful dances.

DIVERS GET \$1,250,000 IN GOLD

The eleventh-hour discovery of an unexpected storing place in the forepart of the liner *Laurentic*, which has been lying in 90 feet of water since she was sunk by a German submarine in 1917 at the mouth of Lough Swills, on the northern Irish coast, has enabled divers to rescue \$1,250,000 worth of gold bars which had been given up for lost.

The divers have been working for six years to discover the consignment to American bankers of \$35,000,000 in gold and silver bullion. Operations by divers had about suspended, as it was supposed only a few gold bars were left which were not worth the cost of another season's work. But at the last moment another storage place was discovered.

The whole consignment of treasure in the *Laurentic* now has been recovered, and, despite the perils of the greatest salvage feat on record, there was only one accident, in which a diver suffered a broken leg.

MOUNT SHASTA GLACIER VOMITS RIVER OF MUD

A veritable river of mud, boulders and ashes extending in width from a few hundred yards to half a mile and in some places from fifteen to twenty feet deep is flowing from the mouth of Mud Creek Canyon, eight miles above McCloud, Siskiyou County, on the slope of Mount Shasta, into the McCloud River.

Boulders, some of them many tons in weight, are being carried toward the river in the thick stream, the like of which never has been seen in the McCloud district and also the origin of which is a mystery.

Old residents, students of Mount Shasta's formation, blame the phenomenon on a glacier. The McCloud slope of Mount Shasta is near the peak of an extinct volcano and has been exposed to the sun because of the dearth of snow. A portion of the glacier is believed to have slipped down the slope and now is melting rapidly.

Sweeping past McCloud at a point three miles distant, the irresistible viscous mass broke the pipes of McCloud's water supply and for two days the inhabitants were forced to depend upon railroad tanks for their drinking water.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

EAGLE PICKS UP BOY OF 14

An eagle measuring eight feet from tip to tip picked up fourteen-year-old Fred Cunningham, weighing ninety-seven pounds, on a golf course at Chatham, Ont., recently and lifted him five feet in the air until his clothing gave way, according to the story told by the lad to-day.

Cunningham, clawed and scratched, managed to net the bird in a wire fence, where it was killed by a citizen.

"STRONG MAN'S" TEETH GIVE WAY

Hurled twelve feet when her husband's teeth broke, Mrs. Lucille Fondows was seriously injured at a local theater in Detroit the other night. She and her husband put on a "strong man" act, the finale of which consists of Fondows suspending his wife by a leather belt while he hangs from a trapeze holding the cord in his teeth.

Last night, as he began to whirl his wife, his teeth broke and she was thrown into the wings.

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ELECTRIC BRICKLAYER

An electric bricklaying machine that lays 1,200 bricks an hour against 500 a day for the average human bricklayer, is the latest application of electrical energy to industry, says the *Iron-monger*.

Upon rails placed around the outside walls of the building a traveling boom is set, and upon this are the mortar tank and laying mechanism, driven by a 3-horse power electric motor. The laying wheel rotates, taking two bricks from the carrier, while another wheel spreads mortar as the carrier moves along the boom. At the end of the wall the machine changes direction and proceeds as before, until it has laid one row of bricks entirely around the house. The boom is then raised the thickness of one row of bricks and mortar, and another trip begins.

Three men are required to supply the electric bricklayer, which is said to do the work of twenty masons, and which has the further advantage of never going on strike or dropping bricks upon passersby.

HONEY-MAKING ANT

The honey-making ant may belong to any of several species that are found in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico. Like other ants,

these live in colonies, in subterranean nests, the entrance to which is in a small raised mound. The honey is obtained at night from small galls on oak leaves, by foraging workers which become considerably distended by the honey. With this honey they feed the other workers and the young in the hill and what is left over is communicated to a number of ants which serve as living receptacles. These live honey bags cling to the roof of the nest chamber and move very little, and in time their abdomens become enormously distended. According to the Rev. Henry C. McCook, the noted naturalist and author of "The Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods," these living storehouses merely retain the honey until it is needed by the colony during the winter, when it is given out of the surcharged crops to feed the colony. Ants with similar habits but different genera have been discovered in South Africa. In Mexico these ants are eaten by the natives.

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